'THE BELGRADE EIGHT' GERSON S. SHER

MARCH 15, 1975 50 cents

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WHO SAID 'PROFIT'?

Getting Rid of A Dirty Word

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LETTERS

it takes one to know one

San Antonio, Tex.
What wonderful vibrations from the Peter Barnes article on Fred Harris ["Casing the Democrats #2: Fred Harris from Scratch," *The Nation*, Feb. 8].

Considering the source of this letter, it may sound a little corny, but Harris looks like a maverick to me. That's good! *Maury Maverick, Jr.*

dissenting from Carl Cohen

St. Louis, Mo.
Carl Cohen has argued eloquently ["The DeFunis Case: Race & the Constitution," *The Nation*, Feb. 8] against preferential affirmative action. His argument is an application of the traditional liberal position on racial discrimination to current problems. Persuasive as his legal and moral arguments are, they ignore the lesson of recent history.

The policy of ending racial discrimination by adopting a policy of strict racial neutrality has long been advocated and has resulted in the creation of a series of federal commissions and a number of state human rights agencies. Even where this policy has long been practiced vigorously by an agency with considerable legal and moral power, as in the state of New York, it has failed. It is not just that it has failed to eradicate every vestige of racial discrimination; the policy of racial neutrality has left the harsh realities of discrimination virtually untouched.

Why has the policy advocated by Cohen been such a dismal failure? It is because of the institutional racism that pervades our society. This structural discrimination distorts the actions and contradicts the intentions of individuals who conscientiously try to act on a policy of strict neutrality in admitting applicants to higher education or in selecting between candidates for a new or better job. Cohen agrees with me, I am sure, that the way to solve this problem is to reform our social institutions. But because he completely ignores this structural discrimination, he fails to realize that this racial bias cannot be eliminated from our institutions until members of the minority are fairly represented in the positions of power within them, and that *this* cannot happen without a period of preferential affirmative action. *Carl Wellman*
Department of Philosophy, Washington University

Rockville Centre, N.Y.
Carl Cohen's dissection of the issues in *DeFunis* appears to move from step to step with inexorable logic. But he has come up with the wrong answer. Wrong because of his implicit, but fallacious, premise that "merit" is predictably established by admissions test or school record. Wrong in distorting the point that minimum standards were observed, and that universities forced to pick 150 out of a thousand or more qualified applicants need not be obliged to ignore racial balance any more than the traditional geographic balance in such cases. Especially wrong in ignoring the political football made of the case—its manipulative use to concoct a code phrase ("reverse discrimination") behind which all affirmative action efforts are sought to be undermined. Wrong in historical terms, for the Fourteenth Amendment's equal protection clause (which does not mention "race" any more than it does "office" or "wealth"—distinctions that he says do justify differential treatment) was drawn in a setting where it was thought of as an affirmative action tool to implement the equality that was seen to be insufficiently guaranteed by the mere emancipation enacted by the Thirteenth Amendment. And careless in quoting Mr. Justice Douglas without considering the implications of the dissent's penultimate sentence: "I cannot conclude that the admissions procedure . . . that excluded DeFunis is violative of the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment." *Howard N. Meyer*

EDITORIALS

The Problem of the CIA

Daniel Schorr's recent report on CBS that the CIA may have been involved in political assassinations says more than a little about why President Ford wants even his handpicked Rockefeller investigation restricted to domestic activities. That the White House did not deny the report, Tom Wicker writes in *The New York Times*, "suggests what can be unequivocally confirmed here—that President Ford does believe that close investigations of CIA covert operations abroad would disclose activities—including assassinations—that would shock the American people, stain the reputations of numerous past Presidents, and raise difficult problems of international relations."

Yet the fact that the President would not confirm or deny Schorr's report points up the real problem about the CIA. Word will now travel far and wide that the President fears such disclosures if a full inquiry were to be conducted—hence by inference the extremely serious allegations must be true. (The Washington *Star* reports that in an "oral addendum" to his formal 50-page written report to the President, William E. Colby, director of the CIA, described a number of assassination plans and attempts.) The problem, in brief, is that, true or false—and many of the charges are probably well-founded—the CIA as now constituted cannot be invested with a new bright image.

Few illusions linger about the CIA in even the most remote corners of the world. The agency has infiltrated so many American endeavors abroad that virtually the whole spectrum of those activities has become tainted. Traveling American business executives, embassy attachés, celebrities, U.S. scientific and cultural missions, Peace Corps workers, even church missionaries—all have been made suspect by the CIA, and their counterparts will function under a similar cloud as long as the agency exists in its present form. The world knows what the CIA did in Chile, even if not all of official Washington will admit it, and has come to be anxious about the presence of Americans wherever an overseas regime is insecure or leans toward socialism. And we may still be only at the beginning of CIA-related exposures. The fact is that the agency has lost much of whatever value it may have possessed. It has aroused so much apprehension, so much fevered speculation, some of it false, some of it true, that attempts at reform are not likely to allay the distrust and apprehension which mere mention of the agency arouses in many parts of the world today. Hence there would seem to be little point in continuing its existence.

Rabid interventionists may gloat over CIA intrigues; others may defend its intelligence evaluations. But reasonable members of Congress, whatever their ideological bent, should be able to agree that the agency has outlived its usefulness. They may differ over whether the CIA should ever have been established, over whether its enabling law was too vague, over whether it has been properly supervised, over the soundness of its present structure. But they should be able to agree that this country will be better off without a Central Intelligence Agency at the present time. If a need is perceived for an information

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gathering organization, let it be set up as an adjunct of the State Department or some other established department or agency, with regular, direct supervision from within the department, routine Congressional oversight and a regular budget with no funds artfully concealed in the budgets of other agencies. With the CIA gone, some of the stigma which its activities have attached to this country's good name will be removed. Abroad, a constant threat to self-determination as well as an inviting target for anti-American sentiment, will have been eliminated; at home, an all-too-ready tool for domestic subversion will have been dismantled.

The Recruitment Process

Despite excellent prospects for 1976, the Democrats have been unable to bring forward a candidate with sufficiently broad appeal to unite the party. It is a curious problem in that the party seems to suffer from a surfeit of contenders; six have announced and the lines continue to form, right and left. Yet at a weekend conference soon, elements of the Democratic liberal Left will attempt to work out an approach to the candidate selection problem, even if they cannot agree on a candidate. The problem has a pragmatic and an institutional aspect, neither of which has received adequate attention.

Ironically, the liberalization of delegate selection criteria has contributed to the likelihood of a brokered convention in 1976. Possible nominees hesitate to enter the primaries because they remember what happened, for example, to Sen. Edmund Muskie who took that route in 1972. Candidates—particularly those of broad appeal who might unite the party—are aware that front runners can be chewed up mercilessly in the primaries, not by Republicans but by rival Democrats. A case in point is the way in which Senator Humphrey undercut Senator McGovern in the California primary. McGovern won the nomination, of course, but never recovered from the wounds that Humphrey inflicted. So the conventional wisdom now has it that candidates who hope to win the nomination by uniting the party should stay out of the treacherous primaries. At the same time, the Democrats, with few exceptions, suffer from what might be called a 1972 hangover. If the election that year taught them anything, it is that the party has some basic, raw divisions which, like earthquake faults, can be dangerously activated by external and internal pressures. Once in motion, the faults can shake the party apart. So the brighter the prospects for 1976 become, the greater is the determination to attain party unity. The result is that the reform movement of the last decade may well lead the Democrats back to the brokered conventions of the past.

The problem of candidate recruitment has its institutional aspects as well. Military heroes excepted, most Presidential nominees have had a political base of some kind. Even Woodrow Wilson was Governor of New Jersey at the time of his nomination; it is doubtful that as president of Princeton he could have been nominated. Wendell Willkie was a possible exception, but then no one was champing to run against Roosevelt in 1940. Since 1950, for a variety of reasons, the Senate has become the major source of Presidential possibilities, but it is a dis-

IN THIS ISSUE

March 15, 1975

EDITORIALS

290

ARTICLES

294 "The Belgrade Eight": Tito Muzzles the Loyal Opposition — *Gerson S. Sher*

297 Who Said "Profit"? Getting Rid of a Dirty Word — *Milton Moskowitz*

299 The Okies: Forty Years Later — *Gerald Haslam*

302 Capitol Hill Comeback: The New York City Caucus — *Robert Karen*

306 Brass in Mufti: Golden Threads to the Pentagon — *Michael D. Edwards*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

309 Braverman: Labor and Monopoly Capital — *Ely Chinoy*

310 The Lesson (poem) — *Babette Deutsch*

311 O'Brien: The Poor Mouth — *Kevin Sullivan*

312 Morrison: The Rise of the Arts on the American Campus
Zeigler: Regional Theatre — *Bonnie Marranca*

314 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

314 The Blood Bond (poem) — *Nina Schneider*

316 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

318 Dance — *Nancy Goldner*

318 Harvesting (poem) — *Charles Elster*

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tinctly limited training ground. In general, Senators lack national political experience and national executive competence, and if they go elsewhere to seek it that jeopardizes their careers. They cannot hold Cabinet positions or governorships unless they resign their Senate seats, and once they do so they forfeit seniority.

Senators nowadays are trained in the art of baiting Presidents (of the opposite party) by tossing problems at the White House. But over a period of time the President learns to play that game and tosses the problems back to Congress. Instead of leadership, we see shadow-boxing, public relations and political posturing. An incidental effect, in the view of political scientist Theodore Lowi, is to trivialize problems. Senators and Representatives, eager for media attention, spend an inordinate amount of time searching for problems which, almost overnight, are magnified into crises. The rhetorical overkill creates confusion and makes all problems seem equally important. Separation of powers implies a tension between the White House and the Congress. But in the case of divided responsibility, with a President of one party and both houses controlled by the other, rhetorical confrontation, jockeying for position and concern for press "exposure" are stressed to the detriment of problem solving. Issues tend to be obscured or to be subordinated to buck passing, the President charging Congress with inaction and the Congress charging the President with lack of leadership. Too often both charges are valid.

By passing problems along to the President (of the opposite party), the Congress fails to develop among its members the capacity to project broad national initiatives and to sort out the priorities. These are abilities indispensable in a President, but increasingly the Senate fails to develop them. At the same time, the federal government so dominates the states that it is difficult for a governor to demonstrate gifts for leadership that might bring a Presidential nomination. Mayors are in an even more difficult position. And, for the moment, military heroes are in short supply.

The recruitment problem would be less serious if we could assume with confidence, as we have done in the past, that mediocre incumbents will automatically rise to the challenge of the office. Truman was the last President of whom this could be said and he rose only part of the way from mediocrity to excellence. Johnson and Nixon did not, nor has Ford to date. Presidential talent exists outside the conventional sources of recruitment, but the names most often mentioned lack the prerequisite of a political base. As 1976 approaches and the pressures mount, the Democrats may yet flush out the kind of nominee who can unite the party and command the votes of independents and many liberal Republicans. But the possibility that this may happen or that Sen. Edward Kennedy may decide to by-pass the primaries in the hope of a nomination-by-acclamation at the convention (Mayor Daley's recent triumph must encourage this thought), should not detract attention from the fact that something is amiss in the traditional Presidential recruitment process. Perhaps it needs the stimulus of a third party or an independent candidacy or organized national movements designed to champion candidates who can challenge those put forward by prevailing selection processes.

The Arab Blacklist

The Arab blacklist is at least as old as the state of Israel and its original intent was obvious: to discourage trading with the Israelis. But enforcement has been haphazard and, until 1973, the impact of the list was minimal because Arab markets were not of prime importance. But now, with what Sen. Frank Church (D., Idaho) estimates as a $60 billion-a-year surplus available for trade and investment, the Arabs have the power to make greedy interests jump.

When they say they will not trade with concerns that deal with Israel or have plants or branches there, they can work substantial damage on the Israeli economy as well as on the fortunes of the blacklisted firms and individuals. With their new-found money power, they seek to impose a blacklist, not a boycott in the usual sense of the term, and, worse, to induce those nations with whom they trade to enforce it for them. U.S. shipping and banking interests, for example, are asked to have their customers stipulate that they are not on the blacklist. Going a step further, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers has admitted blocking Jewish personnel from working in Arab lands.

Although a 1969 act requires that instances of Arab boycott-blacklist pressure be reported to the Department of Commerce, and such reports are said to number 700 a year, the department refuses to release them, claiming confidentiality. But release of such reports would clearly serve the public interest, for they would be a starting point for an investigation into discrimination and also into the extent to which firms are observing the blacklist, in defiance of a variety of laws and statutes. The act attaches no penalties to firms that report compliance with the blacklist.

While President Ford has denounced the blacklist and Church is investigating it, the State Department would obviously prefer to deal with the issue "through channels," as quietly and privately as possible. The view from Foggy Bottom seems to be that the more we can tie Arab states to us through arms sales, trade and investments, the more influence we will have with them and the less willing they will be to disrupt the relationship.

History gives little reason to believe that such tactics can break a blacklist. As long as the Arab states have the oil the West needs and the immense revenues it brings, they are likely to enforce the blacklist if they can. But while they have a right to trade with whomever they wish, they cannot expect other countries to enforce the blacklist, which is an illegitimate extension of the boycott. And they certainly cannot expect this country or American corporations to observe a blacklist imposed against this nation's Jewish citizens. By stressing the blacklist—regardless of the extent to which it is enforced—the Arab states obviously hope to divide American opinion or, more accurately, to minimize support for Israel. No doubt, trade is a temptation in these times, but a residual conscience in the American business community should reject it: the money is tainted. Granted that the blacklist issue is being raised at a time when extremely sensitive negotiations are underway to secure a limited agreement between Egypt and Israel, still it cannot be ignored and it must be squarely faced. A moral issue as well as legal principles of the first importance are at stake, and the Arab states might as well understand now as later that they cannot bribe or coerce compliance with their blacklist.

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Defending Spain's Workers

On February 15, the Spanish Supreme Court drastically reduced the twelve-to-twenty-year sentence that had been imposed some fourteen months earlier on eight workers, a lawyer and a priest, known collectively as the Carabanchel 10. Their crime was to organize Workers' Commissions, the illegal trade union movement that has swept the country and now encompasses the bulk of its industrial workers. The high court's verdict, cutting the sentences to two-and-a-half-to-six years (thus setting free four who had already served the reduced sentences), followed an intensive national and international campaign on behalf of the ten.

In a nation where trials of strikers are an almost daily occurrence, this case had aroused particular concern because it was recognized as an attempt by the Franco regime to scotch the commission movement by jailing several of its most effective national organizers. Reduction of the original sentences was in part a confession of failure; far from subsiding, popular unrest and organization has been mushrooming to an astonishing degree, and not only among workers. It has spread to college professors and schoolteachers, small merchants, theatrical workers, government employees, housewives. Universities in several cities have been repeatedly shut down by student strikes and demonstrations that were directed formally against specific local grievances but in fact expressed hostility to the regime. On the day the high court announced its ruling on the Carabanchel 10, some thirty-five Barcelona lawyers seized the city bar association's offices and staged an all-night vigil to protest the torturing of two political prisoners. The demonstration brought details of the tortures to public attention.

The court's decision was unexpected. Much of the credit for it has been assigned by Spanish militants to the energetic support extended to the prisoners by American labor leaders, as well as by such public figures as former Atty. Gen. Ramsey Clark, New York City Council President Paul O'Dwyer, and a number of others. Clark led an American group which observed the initial trial, and O'Dwyer led a similar group to the Supreme Court hearing. A brief supporting the defense was submitted to the court; it had been signed by leaders of some sixty U.S. labor, legal, civil rights, religious and other civic organizations, as well as by several dozen prominent individuals. Leonard Woodcock (auto), Arnold Miller (coal miners), Joseph Belsky and Patrick Gorman (packinghouse), Matthew Guinan (transport workers), Harry Bridges (West Coast longshoremen), Albert Fitzgerald (united electrical) and Leon Davis (hospital) were among the national and local union leaders. The heads of the National Council of Churches and the Catholic Conference for Justice and Peace; two Nobel laureates, George Wald and Salvatore Luria; Arthur Miller, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Bella Abzug and others also signed. A film portraying American protest was circulated in Europe, including Spain.

On March 4 the regime scheduled another major labor trial of eight workers charged with illegal association and propaganda in connection with organization of a strike of SEAT auto workers in 1971. SEAT is Spain's native car and its Barcelona plant is the most important industrial installation in the country. Its workers, among the most militant in the land, have been pacesetters in forming Workers' Commissions. Along with the eight workers, the government tried two of their lawyers on the same charges. The accusations against them of illegal association and propaganda stem from their consultation with their clients and their practice of routinely providing the clients with summaries in writing of the developments in the case.

The government's intent is clear. Since Workers' Commission meetings and strikes are illegal, lawyers have become essential for the protection of organizing efforts, as well as for defending against illegal firings. The prosecution has requested the heaviest sentences for the lawyers, eight years and five years. Sentences demanded for the workers ranged from two to five years. The prominence of the plant, the significant part played by its workers nationally, the inclusion of the lawyers and the expanding unrest in the country give the case a special importance for the future of Spain.

Recognizing this, the U.S. Committee for a Democratic Spain, which marshaled support here for the Carabanchel 10, has undertaken a similar drive for the SEAT 10, with an expanded appeal to the legal profession. Its supporting brief was signed by virtually the same labor, political and civil rights leaders as the appeal for the Carabanchel 10, supplemented by some twenty law professors, several judges and a considerable number of practicing lawyers. Since no decision is expected until March 15, the committee is continuing to add to the roster of supporters of the brief and, if needed, will continue its campaign through the appeal.

Inasmuch as the Franco regime, isolated internationally except for the United States, depends on Washington for sustenance, Americans are in a peculiarly effective position to influence events in Spain. The regime's leaders are not unaware of the ability of popular democratic opinion in the United States to compel Washington to exercise caution in bolstering Fascist dictators abroad.

MAX GORDON

Flight Memo

Several *Nation* readers, two of them pilots, have written in to say that our February 22nd editorial, "Profit vs. Lives," needs clarification. They point out that the Instrument Landing System (ILS), advanced in the editorial as needed for safety in certain cases, would not necessarily have prevented last December's Dulles International Airport crash which killed ninety-one persons. In bad weather, they say, safety margins can be maintained without an ILS, as a private pilot put it, "at the expense of more restrictive operating minimums with, theoretically, a higher percentage of canceled flights." Or, as another of the pilots wrote us, "An ILS is nice, but it is not a factor in safety at all. It just permits you to fly in somewhat worse weather. You are not supposed to take off at all unless you are assured that you can get down safely." From present evidence, it appears that the crash occurred because the pilot reduced altitude before he had entered the approach zone, not because of inadequate ground guidance.

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'THE BELGRADE EIGHT'

Tito Muzzles the Loyal Opposition

GERSON S. SHER

On January 28, eight philosophers and sociologists were dismissed from their teaching positions at Belgrade University by legislative decree of the Serbian Parliament. This act, unprecedented in kind during at least the past decade of Yugoslav history, was carried through in plain disregard of the principles of democratic socialism and self-management which have thus far been the hallmark of the Yugoslav social experiment. Taken in a broad context, therefore, the ouster of the "Belgrade Eight," as they have come to be called, speaks of fundamental changes in the Yugoslav social system, changes emerging from several years of intense political conflict and controversy.

The "Eight" themselves—Mihailo Markovic, Svetozar Stojanovic, Ljubomir Tadic, Zagorka Pesic-Golubovic, Dragoljub Micunovic, Miladin Zivotic, Nebojsa Popov, and Trivo Indjic—belong to a school of radical Marxists from all parts of Yugoslavia who have relentlessly advocated a philosophy of humanist Marxism as well as the broadest possible application of the ethic of self-managing, anti-bureaucratic socialism. Since 1964, they have collaborated closely with colleagues from Zagreb and other university centers on a journal, *Praxis,* which appears regularly in both Serbo-Croatian and international editions, the latter printed in English, French and German. While it would be difficult to give an adequate treatment of the thinking of the school in these few pages, if there is one central tenet of *Praxis* Marxism it is this: Marxism is pre-eminently a body of thought which is uncompromising in its rejection of all forms of human alienation, exploitation, oppression and injustice, regardless of the type of society—bourgeois or Socialist—in which these phenomena occur. Any genuine Marxist theory, in the *Praxis* view, must be implacably opposed to all attempts to transform Marxism into an ideological system which justifies existing inequities and thereby contributes to their perpetuation. In developing this radical perspective on Marxian theory, the *Praxis* Marxists have felt free to expand on themes advanced by many of the great critical Marxists of the 20th century (Luxemburg, Lukács, Gramsci, Bloch, Marcuse), to criticize all received truth, Marxist or non-Marxist, and to borrow liberally but selectively from other modern intellectual currents without fear of endangering the integrity of their convictions. In this way they have generated a fruitful dialogue with critically minded thinkers of the West of all persuasions and have achieved a degree of international prominence which few Yugoslavs have been able to match. And it can hardly be doubted that this international stature, which has often enabled the *Praxis* Marxists to assume a more independent posture in their own country, has been a persistent source of embarrassment and concern to a regime which has become increasingly uncomfortable with the positions they have advocated.

Praxis Marxism—and indeed the journal itself—emerged as an attempt to assert the legitimacy in a Socialist society of critical Marxian thinking within the limits of the Communist movement. Contrary to the frantic allegations which have lately appeared in the Yugoslav press with increasing frequency, the *Praxis* group has never aspired to establish itself as a political opposition in the ordinary sense; this, in fact, is one of the most important factors distinguishing its members from Milovan Djilas and others who have tried unsuccessfully to fight the party head-on. Instead, their most vital concern has been in the cultural sphere. They have long contended that, without a frank and "merciless critique of all existing conditions," a critique that is not afraid (in Marx's words) "of its own conclusions nor of conflict with the powers that be," Socialist societies will inevitably become corrupted by the power of ambitious bureaucrats and demagogues who impose their will and caprice on a passive and vulnerable citizenry. The history of the Soviet Union, where all genuine criticism even within the Communist Party passed out of existence in the 1930s, provides tragic confirmation of these views. Still, it seems that each generation of the Socialists who hold the reigns of power must learn this better lesson anew. Such is the situation in Yugoslavia today.

The greater tragedy is that it was this same Yugoslavia which in the early 1950s struck out on a bold new path, rejecting the Soviet bureaucratic model in favor of one which stressed the virtues of participatory democracy and claimed its lineage from the revolutionary Paris Commune and the writings of Marx himself. The new system of "self-management" was designed and extended over the years to allow workers control, through elected representative councils, over all aspects of the productive process, including working conditions, wages, marketing and eventually even investment policy. Thus, it was felt, the traditional alienation of the individual's political life from his day-to-day existence as an economic being would be overcome, while at the same time political power would be relocated from the office of the bureaucrat to the work place itself. Parallel to this political restructuring, the Yugoslav party itself underwent a profound reorientation in the early 1950s, relinquishing its direct political role for one of ideological persuasion and education. A "struggle of opinions" was called for in the sphere of culture and of Marxist theory in particular, and many Yugoslav Marxists—among them the future "Belgrade Eight"—took this appeal to heart. For years Yugoslavia experienced an atmosphere of intellectual diversity and openness unpar-

Gerson Sher translated and provided the introduction for Svetozar Stojanovic's Between Ideals and Reality: A Critique of Marxism and Its Future (*Oxford University Press*). *Mr. Sher is completing a Ph.D. dissertation at Princeton on Radical Yugoslav Marxism and working at the National Academy in Washington. He wishes to note that the views expressed in this article do not represent those of the National Academy.*

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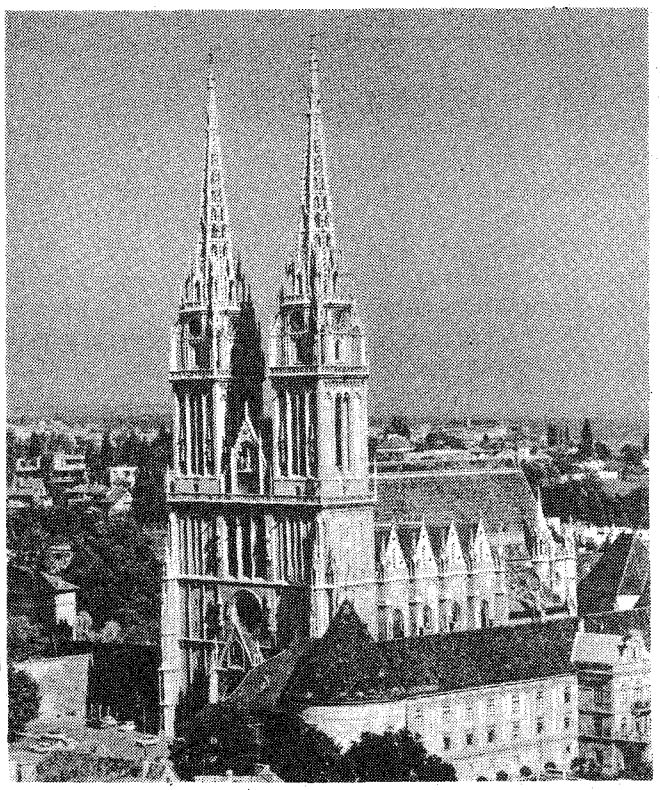
alleled in the Socialist world; progressive Marxists in other Eastern European countries undoubtedly found in it a source of inspiration, comfort and support. While it should not be thought that this tradition of cultural tolerance as a whole is now in danger of coming to an end, one of its most valuable and important offshoots—the critical Marxist intelligentsia—is certainly in for a very hard time.

In their "critique of all existing conditions," the *Praxis* Marxists have been far from disavowing the principles which have been proclaimed as the basis for the new society. Both within Yugoslavia and abroad, there have been no more effective spokesmen for Socialist self-management than these people, who have argued on its behalf in international forums, lecture tours, articles and translated publications, and not least through the vehicle of a remarkable annual event, the Korcula Summer School, which for a decade has attracted Marxists and people of good will from East and West. But it has been precisely their critical approach to Marxist theory and Yugoslav reality that has made the arguments of the *Praxis* Marxists all the more persuasive. They have not hesitated to point to the host of dangers which continue to menace the structure of democratic socialism in Yugoslavia: bureaucracy, managerial power ("technocracy"), the persisting alienation of the producer, the growth of dangerous social and regional inequalities, as well as the stultifying presence of Marxist dogmatism and the remnants of the Stalinist political mentality. They find no attraction in the classical bourgeois political formulas of parliamentary democracy or multi-party pluralism; instead, their main political concerns have been directed toward the problem of how to democratize the Communist Party itself and to insure open discussion and a diversity of viewpoints within its ranks. In this last respect, their experience has been most disappointing. Over the last few years, many of the *Praxis* Marxists have either resigned or been expelled from the party following the application of intense and hostile pressure. Yet none of this has deterred them in the slightest from their profound commitment to the ideals of a more humane, Socialist society.

The views of the *Praxis* Marxists, however, are less remarkable than the political context in which they have appeared. The major misfortune of these individuals seems to have been that in drawing public attention to many of the vital issues that face Yugoslavia today, they have done so, as a rule, in advance of official party thinking and often placed the party in the embarrassing position of being forced to make its own pronouncements in their wake. The *Praxis* Marxists have thus departed from the party not so much in substance as in form, but the party, anxious to maintain its reputation as the ideological vanguard of society, has characteristically dismissed the *Praxis* Marxists and their views as being "anti-party" and even "anti-Socialist." And in recent years the redoubled effort of the party to assert its ideological hegemony has resulted in a proportionate increase in the pressure directed against the *Praxis* Marxists.

Two major factors have intensified this precarious state of affairs for the *Praxis* Marxists, and especially for their Belgrade component. The first was the spate of student



Zagreb

revolts in June 1968, which spread from Belgrade to all parts of Yugoslavia and which seemed to emanate from the philosophy faculty at Belgrade University. The demands of the students for greater social equality, for the thorough application of democratic principles throughout Yugoslav life and for better university conditions certainly had many points of affinity with views expressed by the *Praxis* Marxists. On the other hand, these demands could be understood as representing the uncertainties of highly trained young men and women about to enter careers in a society which was still top-heavy with bureaucratic conservatism and gerontocratic elitism. Indeed, on many occasions the radicalism of the students surpassed that of their supposed "mentors," generating a tension which continues to this day and of which the regime has sought to take advantage, but without success. Nevertheless, at the time of the 1968 student revolts, the perceived connection between the students and their *Praxis* professors seemed to offer conclusive proof of what the most outspoken critics of *Praxis* had claimed all along: that the journal and its sponsors were the core of a political opposition movement. (Thus, one of the most widespread charges against the *Praxis* Marxists has been that they are "corrupting" the best of the nation's youth. All this begins to have a disturbingly familiar echo to the student of philosophy.) And it was in the wake of these events that Tito, while warmly conciliatory to the students, personally initiated the campaign to rid the universities of those whom he held ultimately responsible for the entire spectacle.

Had the student radicalism of 1968, which gradually subsided to controllable proportions, been the regime's primary concern, the furor over the radical professors would probably have had little lasting effect. But

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after a few years of relative quiet, a completely new set of factors began to impose themselves, although initially they related only indirectly to the Belgrade group. As a result of the widespread decentralization effected by the reforms of the mid-1960s, dynamic new centers of power —both political and economic—were allowed to grow in the various republics that comprise the Yugoslav federation. Especially in the more developed northern regions of Yugoslavia there was increasing resentment over the redirection of economic surpluses to the poorer and less productive regions of the south. These tensions came to a head toward the end of 1971 in Croatia, where political leaders and certain intellectual circles, playing on the age-old and often bloody rivalry between Croats and Serbs, managed to put themselves at the head of a vigorous nationalist movement. Violent student demonstrations in Zagreb in December 1971 convinced Tito and the central authorities that what they were facing here—in contrast to the leftist outbursts of 1968—threatened to tear the entire fabric of the Yugoslav state apart. An extensive purge of the Croatian party organization was subsequently carried out in order to eliminate those elements which had played leading roles in the nationalist movement. Throughout all of this, the *Praxis* Marxists—convinced that the movement was the creation of regionally based economic strata who wished to retain their new-found wealth for themselves and to consolidate their political power as well —steadfastly spoke out against the ideology of nationalism. While this stance earned them the eternal ingratitude of what remained of the Croatian nationalist movement, it also placed the Zagreb *Praxis* group in a rather favorable strategic position in that movement's aftermath.

The experiences of 1971, however, prompted the party to make a basic reexamination of its social role and political structure. The fact that the Croatian party had itself lent full support to the nationalist movement confirmed that, as a nationwide organization, the Yugoslav party was no longer a force able to integrate the country either politically or ideologically or to provide the kind of general coordination which a society as diverse and potentially as conflict-ridden as Yugoslavia desperately needs. Thus it was resolved by mid-1972 to reintegrate the party itself, to insure a greater degree of discipline among all its parts, and especially to remove any obstacles that seemed to stand in the way of restoring its formerly unquestioned ideological hegemony. For to the party member whose political mind had been formed under the influence of Stalinist dogmatism, "unity of will" was the decisive precondition of "unity of action." This meant that the party would have to reestablish itself and its doctrine as the sole legitimate source of Marxist thinking in Yugoslav society. Any divergent interpretations of Marxist theory, especially those that attempted to relate critically and independently to political practice as well, were to be disabled from exercising any further influence. And foremost in this regard were the *Praxis* Marxists.

The Zagreb *Praxis* philosophers were relatively immune from serious pressure because of their strategic value to the party in its struggle against Croatian nationalism, but no such constraints existed in Serbia. It was therefore there that the offensive—for the time being—was to be directed. On October 9, 1972, the university committee of the Serbian party demanded that the so-called "Eight" be dismissed from their teaching positions in the faculty of philosophy. A few months earlier, the university had agreed only reluctantly, in the face of pressure from above, to accept a set of "moral-political" criteria for university professors, including conformity to the party line. These guidelines were cited by the party committee in demanding the ouster of the "Eight." Toward the end of the same month, the Belgrade group suffered another serious blow when the two top leaders of the Serbian party, who had been suspected of protecting the professors, were forced to hand in their resignations. Finally, in early 1973 the government managed to push through a new law providing for "self-managing" councils, which introduced individuals from outside the university (including some nominated directly by the government), within each faculty to rule on academic appointments and reappointments. By packing these councils, and especially that of the philosophy faculty, with their own representatives, the authorities evidently hoped that they would finally be able to get their way.

Contrary to these expectations, the faculty council proved to be a source of stubborn resistance to the party's will. Time after time it refused to give in to demands for the immediate suspension of the "Eight." The students, whom the party apparently hoped to intimidate through harassment and arrests, instead made impressive shows of solidarity with the professors by threatening to strike en masse if the "Eight" were ousted. In the beginning of July 1974, a new council voted unanimously to accept investigative reports on each of the "Eight" from other academic sources, which were highly favorable to the besieged professors. In its embarrassment, the government appeared to give in by restoring to the "Eight" their passports (which had earlier been revoked) on the condition that they take leaves of absence from teaching. This arrangement was readily agreed to, and for a time it seemed that the worst was over.

That, however, was not to be the case. Exasperated in its attempt to use even the semblance of democratic procedure to oust the "Eight," the party in November 1974 obtained passage of a new law which allowed the Serbian Parliament to expel university professors unilaterally if it found them failing to conform to the "moral-political" guidelines. For two months the new law was allowed to sit while concerned people, including the "Eight," speculated as to whether such a draconic and unprecedented measure would actually be brought to bear. Then, finally, at the end of January 1975, the Serbian Parliament, riding roughshod over the entire university structure of "self-management" designed to arbitrate such matters, decided to issue its own verdict and sentence.

It does not appear that the expulsion of the "Belgrade Eight" will be the last chapter in this unfortunate story. *Praxis* has now been forced to cease publication, thus depriving the Marxist dissidents of their most durable and internationally respected mouthpiece. Nor does it seem that the new surge toward stricter ideological control will stop with the *Praxis* Marxists. Two weeks after the ruling by the Serbian Parliament, it was reported that the Slovenian party organization had demanded that all

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elements of ideological "deviation" be purged from the sociological faculty at the University of Ljubljana. The Ljubljana group, whose politics and views are quite distinct from those of the *Praxis* Marxists, has been under attack for its adherence to Western sociological trends and its advocacy of pluralist decision-making structures in social organizations. It thus becomes increasingly apparent that the case of the "Belgrade Eight," far from being exceptional, has set an ominous precedent whose success may well encourage similar actions throughout Yugoslavia in the coming critical months.

Over the past twenty-five years, Tito's Yugoslavia has become a showcase of Socialist democracy and proud independence to all the world, a living proof to both East and West that socialism and a significant degree of civic freedom are not necessarily incompatible. Today it seems that this flowering of Yugoslav socialism may be drawing to a close. Perhaps the least well-kept secret in Yugoslavia is President Tito's age, and at 82 this venerable leader is preparing his country for the inevitable. Post-Tito Yugoslavia is already taking shape before our eyes, and it seems that while it will remain united, independent and prosperous, it may be a Yugoslavia in which spontaneous, honest social debate and critical thinking—elements which were manageable during Tito's lifetime by virtue of his own immense authority and prestige—will be memories. □

WHO SAID 'PROFIT'?

GETTING RID OF A DIRTY WORD

MILTON MOSKOWITZ

When President Ford played a round of golf last month at Burning Tree, one member of the foursome was his long-time links companion, William G. Whyte, chief Washington lobbyist for the U.S. Steel Corporation. There was probably considerable banter about hooks and slices but one can't help wondering whether Whyte also planted the idea of his present trip in Mr. Ford's mind. Because Whyte is agitated about what he identifies as the "anti-business bias" of the new Congress. The U.S. Steel lobbyist had just returned from addressing the eighteenth annual executive symposium held by St. Mary's College at Moraga, Calif. There he had warned that the business community is "heading into two very difficult years in Washington," and he disclosed that industrial and professional groups are banding together to repel this liberal threat. A move is underway, he said, to unite in a common pro-business cause the following organizations: U.S. Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufacturers, Business Roundtable, American Mining Congress and the American Medical Association. "In unity there is strength," declared Whyte, adding from a rich store of clichés, "the fight is on for the preservation of the American private enterprise system, and this is not the time for the summer soldier or the sunshine patriot." That's certainly appropriate rhetoric for Burning Tree.

Those of us who have covered the financial scene for any period of time (finding our prose tucked away behind the sports pages) are familiar with this old-time religion of business leaders. It has been used to oppose every piece of social legislation ever proposed, whether it be restrictions on child labor, minimum wage laws, Social Security, a consumer protection agency or regulations to curb the power of multinationals. The *ad hominem* gambit is always the same: wrap yourself in the free enterprise flag, declaim the evils of big government and predict the downfall of individual initiative. How many rostrums in hotel banquet rooms have served as anvils for this refrain? Never mind that it has not prevented new social legislation. Never mind that public opinion polls show a declining confidence in business. Never mind that no business leader has ever been able to reach beyond the rhetoric of an institutional advertisement in *Fortune* to codify these ideas in a coherent, persuasive, rigorous set of precepts. The doctrine of free enterprise works as a knee-jerk reaction to would-be builders of change.

In the past seven years this doctrine has been tempered by the new strain of "corporate social responsibility." Pressed on a number of fronts as, for example, discrimination in hiring, pollution control and product safety, corporations have responded with various programs —some substantial, some merely token—that have enabled business leaders to dress up the free enterprise strait jacket with the finery of social action. Thus, while Whyte can mount the ramparts to assert that now is the time to defy the very critics who have pressed these issues of social responsibility, his company, U.S. Steel, simultaneously appears in print and on television with its socially conscious advertising theme, "We're involved."

Recently, though, this shadowboxing has developed a new tactic. Business leaders are having a tough time coming to grips with a cardinal construct of the free enterprise theology; that is, profit—what Marx identified as "surplus value." Businessmen have, of course, long argued that the man in the street harbors all kinds of misconceptions about profit. I remember once being at a conference where a corporation president bemoaned the fact that the public seemed to think that companies earned 25 per cent on the sales dollar when, in fact, the average is closer to 3 per cent. I then asked him what about those companies—IBM, Xerox, Avon Products, for examples—which *did* manage to net 25 per cent on the sales dollar, year after

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year. He looked at me with a startled expression and said, "They do?"

The truth is that in the free enterprise scheme of life there can never be too much profit. Profit is a measure of performance, it's the fat out of which taxes and dividends are paid, it's the base on which stock prices are set —and the game is to come down to the bottom line with as much profit as you can possibly show. And woe betide the manager who makes less money this year than last, or who increases earnings at a rate less precipitous than in previous years. The problem is that other people don't understand this motivating force and when the oil companies produced their recent avalanche of earnings, there were widespread outcries of "obscene" from benighted Congressmen, reporters, labor union leaders, Middle East sheiks and ordinary citizens. Economists at Chase Manhattan went to work to show that these profits were needed for reinvestment in energy development, but everyone knows you can't teach economics to the public—and besides, Mobil blew the whole game when it used about $1 billion of its super-profits to buy a controlling interest in Marcor (Montgomery Ward and Container Corp. of America). So what to do?

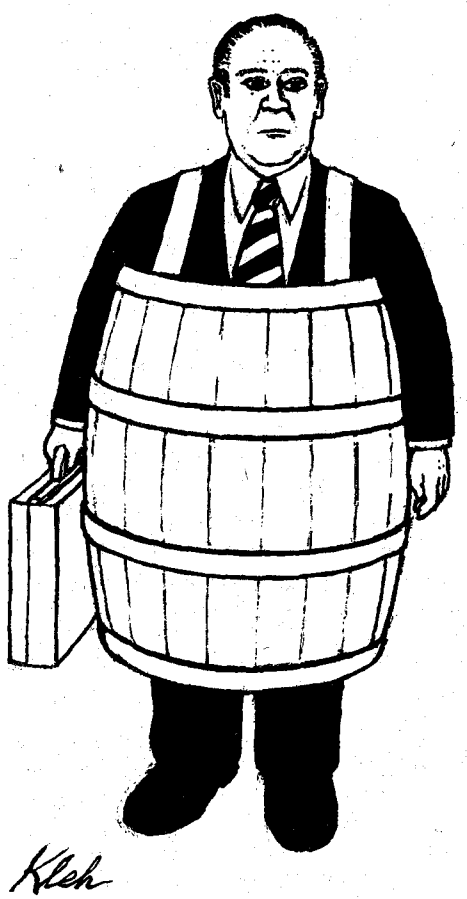
The answer was so simple, staring the business community in the face, that it's surprising no one thought of it earlier. All that was really needed was to banish the word "profit" from the lexicon of business. Herman L. Weiss, vice chairman of General Electric, was the first to develop this tidy idea. In a talk last May to the New York Chamber of Commerce and Industry, Mr. Weiss noted sadly that "there seems to be a pervasive feeling developing among the general populace of the nation and those in the Congress, that somehow profits, deemed to be unconscionable, are at the root of all evil." He went on:

> I sometimes think it would be well if we could eliminate the word "profits" from our business vocabulary. You know, the way accountants keep books, profits are never considered a cost of doing business. Why shouldn't they be so considered?
>
> Net profits after taxes are usually made up of two things: dividends, which I call the cost of equity; and retained earnings, that part of the revenue reinvested in the enterprise.
>
> I believe dividends or cost of equity to be a cost of doing business just as interest is the cost of borrowing. Retained earnings—or net profit after taxes and dividends or (and I prefer) the revenues reinvested in the enterprise—is a cost of survival.

The vice chairman of GE suggested, accordingly, that corporations alter the way they report their operating results to eliminate this nasty word. For example! for 1973, General Electric sent me and other business reporters a news release which reported after-tax profits of $585 million on a sales volume of $11.5 billion. That represented a 13 per cent increase in sales and a 10 per cent increase in profits. Now if Mr. Weiss had been consulted, GE would have reported these results as follows:

> General Electric, in 1973, reinvested a record amount of dollars in its business. The company had total sales of $11.5 billion and it ploughed back $312 million of those revenue dollars into its business, thereby making possible added capacity, productivity advances, more jobs, development of new materials and exploration of new energy sources.

That kind of reporting makes a lot of sense, Mr. Weiss pointed out, because "it's a lot easier to get mad at an announcement of a 30 per cent increase in profits than at 30 or 40 per cent increase in the dollars of revenue reinvested in the enterprise to accomplish one or more of the purposes I mentioned." Simple, is it not?



The movement to eliminate "profit" from the business vocabulary enlisted a major ally last month when it was endorsed by Peter F. Drucker. It pays to pay attention when Peter Drucker speaks, and no seer is listened to more attentively by business leaders. Drucker's books are the bibles of corporate management, and businessmen who want the benefit of his expensive counsel must now journey to Southern California, where he teaches at the Claremont Graduate School, part of the Pomona complex. In a *Wall Street Journal* article (February 5) Mr. Drucker carried Weiss's concept much farther.

Businessmen who complain about economic illiteracy "are themselves the worst offenders," he suggested, because "they don't seem to know the first thing about profit and profitability." Then Drucker shot home his message: "For the essential fact about profit is that there is no such thing. There are only costs."

What companies report as "profits," Drucker argued, are really only three different kinds of quantifiable costs. One is the *cost* of the capital they require. Two is the *cost* of the insurance they need to protect them against the risks of uncertainties of economic activity (just as a company spends money on fire insurance, so it must spend

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money on insurance for "economic, technological and social risks"). Three is the *cost* of "tomorrow's jobs and tomorrow's pensions" (any company that fails to provide for an expansion of jobs and pensions in the future "fails both to cover its own predictable costs and the costs of the economy").

"Businessmen," concluded Drucker, "owe it to themselves and owe it to society to hammer home that there is no such thing as 'profit.' There are only 'costs': costs of doing business and costs of staying in business; costs of labor and raw materials, and costs of capital; costs of today's jobs and costs of tomorrow's jobs and tomorrow's pensions."

There it is, the latest variant of the shell game. *Fortune* and *Forbes* will simply have to revise all those tables wherein they rank companies on "profits." The public is going to feel much better when it realizes that Exxon and IBM have all those costs to bear instead of earnings to trumpet. Since 1932, when Adolph A. Berle, Jr. and Gardiner C. Means published *The Modern Corporation and Private Property*, it has become widely accepted among business scholars that ownership in large corporations is so widely diffused that they are being run, in effect, by their managements, and that these managers need not worry much about who the owners are. What we have done is eliminate any consideration of ownership—there are no owners. Now we have moved another giant step forward. Not only are there no owners—there are no profits. It's beautiful what a little tinkering with the language will do. We can call this the beginning of the "Weiss-Drucker Era." Profits? I don't know what you're talking about. □

THE OKIES: FORTY YEARS LATER

GERALD HASLAM

Petaluma, Calif.

Today they are state legislators and used-car salesmen, waitresses and college professors; they are convicts, guards, country music impresarios, construction workers and contractors, farm laborers and winos; they are, in a word, Californians. But those Okies who struggled into this not-always-golden state during the 1930s have not forgotten the days when an official in Madera said of them: "The squatter is usually . . . nothing more or less than an idler and a parasite on the body politic of the people surrounding them. They are a burden on the taxpayer and the growers. . . ."

"Them thangs hurt," recalls Lemuel Bundy, "but they helped too. I know they made me sore and I just determined we'd make 'er." Make 'er the Okies have, yet scars from those painful, sometimes desperate days occasionally hover near the surface of the original migrants, as well as their progeny. In central California most any old boy can still get his features altered right quick if he calls someone "Okie" in the wrong tone, for the word remains a popular expression of derision in some contexts: siphon hoses used to steal gas are called Okie credit cards; the worst calves in a herd are called Okies. Use of the term has been traced back to 1905, and Ben Reddick of the *Los Angeles Times* is usually credited (or blamed) for having popularized it during the 1930s. Today some Oklahomans both misunderstand and resent the term as meaning "depression drifters."

The actual migrants were of course a heterogeneous collection; mostly, though not all, white. While Oklahoma was the focus of attention, they drifted west from across the Great Plains and rural South: the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico and Arkansas. In the old days, "Texie" and "Arkie" were also common terms, but as time passed, nearly all migrants came to be called Okies once they had reached California. In the 1960s, Dewey Bartlett, then Governor of Oklahoma, tried to improve the word's connotation, but with little luck. However, contemporary achievements, along with the younger generation's growing understanding of what their elders survived, have effected the improvement.

A stubborn, deep pride has grown. Paul Westmoreland, known throughout central California as "Okie Paul," sums it up: "To me, Okies are anyone who went through that period like we did, whether they're from Oklahoma or Illinois or Texas. Okies are anyone who picked that cotton for 50¢ a hundred pounds, or picked potatoes for 15¢ an hour."

If the people were heterogeneous, so were the forces that led them to migrate. Although the Dust Bowl was but a small portion of the area from which they came, it is understandable that the massive dust storms should be popularly identified as the migration's cause, for they were both highly visible and dramatic. The major causes of the migration, all interrelated, as traced by Walter Stein in *California and the Dust Bowl Migration*, were rural poverty; tenant farming practices; mechanization of farming; drought; New Deal crop curtailment policies; soil depletion and depression.

A general rural poverty intensified the other pressures. Recalls Mrs. Frances Walker, who lives now in Keyes, Calif.: "In Oklahoma one year I carried (walked) my 2-year-old daughter a mile and a half to pick cotton, with our lunch and my cotton-pick sack. I bought my oldest kids clothes, and I averaged 85¢ a day. It bought their clothes and a couple of blankets for our beds." Midwest and Southwestern farm people were charged high railroad rates that made shipping their produce to

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markets barely profitable; further, recurrent droughts created an unstable economic pattern that often made them victims of high bank interest rates. Naturally, the large numbers of folk dependent upon farmers for their livelihood—tenants, laborers, tradespeople, shopkeepers —were profoundly affected by the same problems; they, in fact, formed the bulk of the migrants.

When they finally moved, folks tended to drift west along parallel lines—migrants from the northern plains moved to the Pacific Northwest; California's great length gathered people from the middle and southern plains. In all, more than 500,000 people trekked west; some 350,000 settled in California. In addition to its vast corporate agricultural industry, California's reputation as the promised land attracted Okies.

Later research has invalidated the once popular idea that Okies came to California because of the state's "overly liberal" welfare program. Except in 1938, a year of disastrous floods coupled with crop curtailments, Okies strongly resisted welfare. Only in February, a month when there was little or no work in the fields, would welfare rolls shoot up. In fact, self-help became even more the rule during hard times; it was John Steinbeck's Ma Joad who said it most clearly: " 'I'm learnin' one thing good,' she said, 'learnin' it all atime, ever' day. If you're in trouble or hurt or need—go to poor people. They're the only ones that'll help—the only ones' " (*The Grapes of Wrath*, published thirty-five years ago this April). Recalls Flossie Haggard, mother of country singer, Merle:

> I remember we broke down in the middle of the desert. We were out of water, and just when I thought we weren't going to make it, I saw this boy coming down the highway on a bicycle. He was going all the way from Kentucky to Fresno. He shared a quart of water with us and helped fix the car. Everybody'd been treating us like trash, and I told this boy, "I'm glad to see there's still some decent folks left in this world." He rode the rest of the way with us, and I still write to him. [Paul Hempill, the *Atlantic Monthly* September, 1971.]

Historians have also dismissed the widely held belief that handbills put out by California growers lured most Okies to the state. Like the welfare notion, there is a kernel of truth in the handbill theory. Some California growers did circulate them, as did unscrupulous labor contractors, but more evidence points at Arizona growers seeking Okies. The following advertisement appeared in *The Daily Oklahoman* on October 13, 1937:

> Cotton Pickers. Several thousand still wanted to arrive here before November 15th; growers paying 85¢ short staple . . . houses or tents free; ideal climate. . . . Farm Labor Service, 28 West Jefferson, Phoenix, Ariz.

Growers hired Okies to chop and pick Arizona cotton, which matured earlier than California's, then encouraged them to move on. A *New York Times* reporter called it "the neatest get rich quick scheme of the century," for Arizonans got their share of the Okies' work, but few of the headaches the influx brought.

Dorothea Lange

California, 1935

And there were headaches. Within rural California, the migrants' desire to settle as quickly as possible went against the state's traditional migratory labor pattern and raised many hackles in the small towns favored by the Okies. An article in the January 13, 1937, *Mid-Week Pictorial* noted that the migrants' ambition was "to get settled down . . . where they can pick cotton and send children to school." So strong was the nesting instinct that it was not uncommon for an Okie family to establish residence even while the father, and often the mother too, continued following crops until a stable job could be found. The family came first—especially the children —and Okies recognized early that education offered the best hope of escape from poverty, though many came to misunderstand and hate the changes it wrought in their children.

It was in education and its related social sphere that Okies most threatened locals. The agricultural areas in which most migrants settled were poorly equipped to assimilate large numbers of newcomers, and some rural counties received whopping numbers indeed; Kern, for example, took in 52,554, or 63.6 per cent of the population between 1935 and 1940. In that same agonizing period, especially from 1938 on, groups such as the California Citizens Association, the Associated Farmers and the California State Chamber of Commerce helped stir anti-migrant sentiments, hinting that the migrants, among other things, were sexual degenerates (and hinting at the same time that they were unusually effective, sexually).

During the 1940s and 1950s, the children of many

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of the same Californians who most feared and hated Okies found themselves attracted to the children of the migrants. After all, they had been raised on stories of Okie licentiousness, so why not find out for themselves? Many a frowned-upon marriage resulted. There was still another unforeseen complication, one that remains rarely discussed: Okies were white people doing traditionally nonwhite work; their ambivalent racial position allowed them to date nonwhites, especially Mexicans, and that contributed in no small measure to a realignment of social relationships.

Okies today are still split on racial matters. Most oldtimers remain relatively unchanged in their orientation, though their rhetoric is more fierce than their actions, for the harshness of survival taught them the folly of inflexibility. Among their kids more diversity is evident: some participate in groups like Kern County's erstwhile White Citizens' Council, once reputed to be America's largest outside the Deep South; others have learned from mutual misery that only understanding and respect can help America: an Okie college professor initiated one of the state's most efficient minority recruitment programs and most highly respected ethnic studies curriculums, while Merle Haggard, the powerful Okie bard, has reflected in songs like *Irma Jackson* and *White Man Singin' the Blues* an enlightened and compassionate vision. Most Okies, however, like most other Californians, do nothing one way or another.

Politically and economically, the coming of the Okies was deeply resented. During their poverty years, the migrants did indeed find themselves forced to use county health, education and relief facilities, while adding little to tax income. In those same hard years, they tended to be either Midwestern Populists or Southern Democrats, and California was a Republican state. In 1938, when Culbert Olson defeated incumbent Gov. Frank Merriam, conservatives howled. They found the Okies easy scapegoats for their defeat. More recently Haggard's *Okie from Muskogee* has rattled liberal and radical cages, and resulted in overgeneralized claims about reactionary Okie politics. Yet here, too, generalizations are difficult.

Although Merle Haggard's name is perhaps more closely identified with "Okie music" nationally, the resourceful Buck Owens, a superb entertainer himself, dominates "Music City West" (Bakersfield, that is). And Bakersfield is the heart of Kern County, where Route 66 directed migrants into the lush San Joaquin Valley; it is also the heart of traditional country music, closer to the nonorchestrated past than Nashville itself. Along with Owens, Haggard and Dallas Frazier, such stars as Tommy Collins, Freddie Hart, Lefty Frizzell, Bonnie Owens, Billy Mize, Bill Woods, Buddy Alan, Susan Raye and the late Don Rich are identified with what is proudly called the capital of the Okie sound.

Country music is important on another level, for Okie culture tended to be oral/aural, with singing bards and tellers of tales its indigenous literary people. Where then does Oklahoma's Woody Guthrie stand? His fame grew among intellectual sympathizers, not migrant Okies; surveys conducted in the San Joaquin Valley in the past two years indicate that Woody is far better known in Berkeley's salons than in Bakersfield's saloons. Still, like John Steinbeck, Guthrie remains a masterful interpreter of a time and place that suited his special talents.

Social protest and union activities were two other areas of Okie activity that greatly concerned conservative Californians during the bad old days. Few of the Okies who struggled west joined the attempts to organize California farm laborers during the late 1930s. The United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America (UCAPAWA), a CIO union, had little appeal for Okie supporters because, by 1938-39, most migrants were in desperate straits, often near starvation, sunk to a level where bare survival, especially for their children, obviated any theoretical economic concerns. The CIO was then often called a Red union, and one migrant summed up his feelings when he said: "We got enough troubles without going Communist." Walter Stein has documented that "Okies played a larger role as strikebreakers than as strikers."

It really isn't surprising—though it may be disappointing—that Okies, given their ambivalent racial attitudes and past experiences with agricultural unions, have not tended to support Cesar Chavez's struggle to organize farm laborers, or that they often parrot allegations about UFWOC's Red taint that sound remarkably like the attacks once launched against UCAPAWA. Most of the arguments used against UFWOC were honed during the 1930s. Ironically, many Okies today are union people who consider Chavez's organization a maverick group.

Contemporary Okie political views, to the extent to which they can be generalized, are not unlike their views of organized labor: among older Okies there is little change from the Southern one-party view and the Midwestern Populism they brought with them. Their children are, by and large, Californians, though momma and daddy's background still makes itself felt. In the view of many Okies, the Democratic Party has moved too far to the Left, so that the American Independent Party's Populism is increasingly attractive now that Republican traditionalism has shown its warts. Withal, their thrust is conservative in most matters, reactionary in some, liberal in spots. Party labels, as generally in California politics, seem less important than specific, sometimes parochial, issues.

Within California's rapidly changing, trendy society, Okies have exerted a tempering, though spicy influence like the country cooking they favor, still retaining strong family ties, clannishness, traditional sex roles, sometimes absurd rites of passage, church affiliations, and a belief in America's promise (for they are proof that, however raggedly, it can be fulfilled). The work ethic has never faltered; "We've always known how to work," observes Okie Paul. "Gawd Almighty did we work. Had to or starve."

Then there is the agrarian myth: despite life in stucco suburbs and in growing cities like Fresno and Bakersfield, not to mention the sprawl of greater Los Angeles, many urban Okies retain rural values, perpetuating the cherished American illusion that we are a nation of yeoman farmers. "When you're urbanized you have to live by the rules," points out Karl Cozad, a Yuba County official whose parents were migrants. "They [Okies] want a little

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bigger piece of ground." Perhaps in tacit recognition of the enduring strengths of such values, contemporary Okies try to retain at least symbolic contact with the "soil and soul," as Buck Owens has observed.

And many Okies have lived to see the externals of their traditions become part of California's current vogue; an Okie college professor, raised on the music of Bob Wills, Bill Woods and Cousin Herb Henson, tells of having been visited by a student garbed in fashionably faded overalls who, observing the prof's record collection, exclaimed "Wow! Are *you* into country?"

Most Okies remain into country, but as time passes they and their children are even more into California's crazy-quilt culture. If they have become enamored of trail bikes and color television sets and campers, their early poverty explains why. They are a tough, able, complex people who have given strong flavor to California's life. While they seem to have remained relatively static in racial and political matters, no group has struggled farther up the socioeconomic ladder. Perfection is not an Okie characteristic, but a blues-like ability to accept adversity with grace and grit is. And they have not forgotten how to laugh at themselves.

In an often forgotten masterpiece of proletarian writing, *Their Blood Is Strong*, Steinbeck described life in a California ditch bank settlement:

> The three year old child has a gunny sack tied about his middle for clothing. He has the swollen belly caused by malnutrition.
>
> He sits on the ground in the sun in front of the house, and the little black fruit flies buzz in circles and land on his closed eyes and crawl up his nose until he weakly brushes them away. . . .
>
> He will die in a very short time. . . .

Surviving such hardships has given Okies a strong sense of their own endurance. Writes Frances Walker:

> The Okies were invincible, they won. They are here, they own land, homes, and are comfortable. Their children are here and their grandchildren. I'm part of it.

"Usta be," a college student recently admitted after studying the migrants' experiences, "you'd like hafta put slivers under my fingernails to make me tell that my folks're Okies. But now, well, I understand." Many people—Okies and non-Okies—have come to understand that the migration was an American epic. Time has softened much of its pain, and added perspective. One of Merle Haggard's songs best summarizes the migrants' current attitude: *I Take A Lot of Pride in What I Am.* □

CAPITOL HILL COMEBACK

THE NEW YORK CITY CAUCUS

ROBERT KAREN

When Congressional Democrats dealt out new committee assignments in December, the wide-eyed Charles Rangel of Harlem, already on the upswing as a member of the Judiciary Committee during its recent historic era, won a coveted spot on the Ways and Means Committee. The interesting point about the new assignment is that Rangel got it because of his association with the Black Congressional Caucus, not because he belonged to another political grouping—that, by all rights, should swing more weight than the black caucus. That other grouping, known in recent years by a host of derogatory sobriquets ("a mob," "a helpless giant," "the Tuesday-through-Thursday Club") is the New York City Congressional Caucus. By any reckoning this is the year for it to test its mettle.

The reform takeover of the city's delegation is now nearly complete. Whereas a few years ago newspaper stories were attributing its decline to friction between the reformers and the regular party organization, today the New York caucus has a cautious unity. The last of the old-time machine men, James Delaney, who a few years ago would not even associate with his colleagues, has been made their chairman—a symbol that the old hatchet has been buried and, as James Scheuer puts it, "not in anybody's back or between his ribs."

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Scheuer, who was just re-elected to the House after a two-year absence, came away from his first caucus meeting "amazed and delighted . . . . There is a whole new spirit and a vigor and a determination that I never saw before *at all*."

If Scheuer sounds like a spokesman for a group of reformed barroom brawlers, it should be remembered that the eight years he served previously in the House coincided with one of the most tumultuous and bitter periods in the city's recent political history. It was a time when old alliances collapsed, a Republican Mayor was elected, the city's most powerful Congressmen lost their jobs and New Yorkers began bemoaning, among other things, the impotence of their once mighty Congressional delegation.

Looking at the delegation today, one asks a number of questions. How did this potentially powerful House caucus fall into a shambles? To what extent was the long battle between the reform movement and the regular organization responsible for the decline? Is there a chance, now that the dust has settled, for a rejuvenation of New York's influence on Capitol Hill? Will the delegation's new-found unity last long enough for it to take advantage of the big changes now taking place in Congress?

To get an idea of how it once was, one need only look back a little way to the heyday of the machine, when a boss of bosses like Charles Murphy received supplicants from Washington representing interests from all over the country. They paid homage at the Tammany shrine in the hope of winning New York's twenty-four votes.

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New York City's power in those days is recalled by a former legislative liaison man to the Army Chief of Staff, who made a 1930 trek to Manhattan when all seemed lost in Washington: "Everyone had told me the same thing: 'You're wasting your time down here, friend. The only person who can help you now is Charlie Murphy at Tammany Hall.' So I packed up my budgets and books and line-by-line appropriations and went up to see him. Well, the first thing Murphy said to me was, 'Now that you've come to see me, all that won't be necessary. Just tell me the number of the bill.' It was as simple as that. The legislation passed."

While today the city's delegation to the House of Representatives numbers only seventeen, it is still larger than those of forty-three states. With 40 per cent of all office space in the nation, New York is still the foremost commercial center and it is the undisputed cultural bellwether. Having a majority of the Democratic voters in a key industrial state, the city must still be catered to by all Democratic Presidential candidates. But it has been a long time since anyone came to New York in search of a victory on Capitol Hill.

In recent years the city has been hurt badly by defeats in such areas as aid to housing and education. Attributing this decline to the rise or fall of one faction or another of the Democratic Party would overlook the powerful social changes which have reshaped the city's political features since World War I—the vast population shifts, the growing political awareness and a raucous plurality which has placed nearly impossible demands on almost every city politician.

But the most dramatic spectacle in this political turmoil has been the twenty-five-year battle for control of the city's Democratic Party. And from the Congressional point of view, the effect of this conflict, in terms of lost unity, security and seniority, was devastating.

The reform movement, launched in Manhattan in the late 1940s, captured its first Congressional seat when William Ryan won on the upper West Side in 1960. A year later, Manhattan reformers took another big bite out of the machine's foundation when another future Congressman, Edward Koch, toppled Carmine de Sapio, the most powerful party official in the state, by beating him for the lowly post of Democratic district leader from Greenwich Village. Nevertheless, as things stood in the early 1960s, the ancient symbols of party power were still largely intact. In Congress, Charles Buckley, the Bronx boss, was chairman of the House Public Works Committee; Emanuel Celler, dean of the delegation, ran the Rules Committee; John Rooney, like Celler an old Brooklynite, chaired an important Appropriations subcommittee; and Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., the lone wolf from Harlem, held Education and Labor.

Also intact was much of the influence peddling and malingering which made machine politics anathema to reform Democrats. The machine's liabilities were nowhere more evident than in Brooklyn, where the organization has long had a nasty reputation for attention to matters of personal finance. Ex-Brooklyn Rep. Gene Keogh (1937-67), the ranking Democrat on Ways and Means, was, according to Russ Hemenway, director of the National Committee for an Effective Congress, "a classic example of the guys who were getting rich through their Congressional jobs. On Ways and Means," says Hemenway, "all you have to do is change a comma on a bill or change an *and* to an *or* and it means millions of dollars to the textile industry or the automotive industry or what have you. Brooklyn was a hotbed of that kind of activity." Hemenway includes the old Rules Committee chairman, the hero of the battle for civil rights legislation, on the list: "I don't want to say that Mr. Celler was dishonest, but all I know is that he gets terribly rich from a law practice." Abraham Multer, another Brooklyn regular, retired from Congress in 1968 (to become a judge) under suspicion of having used his Banking and Currency seat to personal advantage. Multer's successor, Bertram Podell, was forced into retirement last year after being convicted on bribery charges. At the same time, Keogh's successor, Frank Brasco, helped keep Brooklyn's name in the news with another conflict-of-interest conviction.

Elsewhere in the organization, men like Charles Buckley —whose law firm hardly suffered from his Congressional career—were so enmeshed in home-front business that they rarely touched down in Washington. In short, there were ample ideological grounds for New Yorkers to oppose the regulars. And by the time the reformers began picking off the weak links in the organization's chain, the changing social conditions mentioned earlier were already sapping the machine's strength. Of paramount importance was the breakup of the ethnic communities which had once formed the backbone of the machine. Charles Kinsolving, a former district leader, and an important reform tactician for twenty-five years, used the demographic changes in old Italian neighborhoods to illustrate the point: "In Little Italy and East Harlem, they started out as contract laborers, eventually became middle class, and then moved out. Now you have public housing, which is largely a mixture of Spanish, black and white ethnics, and which may have some community of interest but certainly none that has been established so far. So you end up with a situation like the one on the Lower East Side where we had six different candidates representing all the different interest groups, each vying for the same seat on the City Council.

"And nowadays," Kinsolving continues, "there is no leader to broker the situation. This is because there is no leader with any power any more. There are still people in the Bronx and Brooklyn who can deliver a judgeship, but this used to be the case everywhere. It's no longer popular to allow the leaders to wield the power they once wielded."

So by 1964, even though the city still held three of nineteen House chairmanships, the delegation as a whole was tattered at the edges, suffering from high turnover and reduced seniority, the results of a weakened party structure. A large number of the Congressmen had chosen to leave the House in favor of posts in the state judiciary —a pasture which the machine has traditionally reserved for its tired war-horses.

Then came an unmistakable shock. In the Bronx 1964 primaries, a pair of relatively unknown reformers knocked off two regulars, including Buckley himself. A

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new wind was blowing. Two more reform types were added in 1968 when Koch took the seat once held by Republican Mayor John Lindsay, and Shirley Chisholm won election from the new Bedford-Stuyvesant district in Brooklyn. In 1970 the reformers picked up speed when Bella Abzug beat an old-liner in lower Manhattan; Rangel, a protégé of Manhattan Borough President Percy Sutton, edged out the embroiled Adam Clayton Powell; and Herman Badillo won election in a district composed largely of Puerto Rican slum dwellers in the South Bronx and a few conservative home owners in Queens. In 1972 the movement suffered a setback when state Republican redistricting forced Abzug into a primary with Ryan in Manhattan and Scheuer into a primary with his reform collegue Jonathan Bingham in the Bronx. However, matters were different in Brooklyn where 31-year-old Elizabeth Holtzman killed off the remnants of New York's past Congressional glory with an upset victory over Celler, the last of the chairmen.

About this time, the city's press began to notice with increasing (and to the Congressmen, irritating) regularity that the city's delegation didn't wield much power any more on Capitol Hill. The process of deterioration, which had in fact been going on for more than two decades, seemed devastatingly quick. In eight short years the city had lost all of its committee chairmen and the vast majority of the delegation had fallen to the bottom of the seniority scale. At the same time, the city's dependence on Washington had grown sharply. Social programs were funneling billions of dollars into the nation's urban centers and New York, with one-sixth of its population on welfare and a budget that had more than tripled in a decade, had grown addicted to the federal programs.

New York Congressmen, who in better times might have been expected to act as a tightly knit lobby for the city's share of the federal pie, instead slipped into the general picture of decay and ineffectualness which had come to characterize political life in the city. Personal relations among them suited the gloomy atmosphere. They were known to have bitter animosities, conflicting ambitions and to be unified only in their alienation from the rest of the House, which tended to view the New Yorkers as unruly loudmouths. Meetings of the New York State Democratic delegation (the only organizational structure which is approximately equivalent to the city caucus) ground to a halt in the early 1960s and the city's Congressmen got together only when the entire state delegation met under the aegis of Republican Gov. Nelson Rockefeller. Left-leaning Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal, a third-forcer elected from Queens in 1962 with regular backing, never even got to speak to senior colleague Buckley with whom he served for two years. John Rooney, who hated reformers and was very nearly retired by one, openly slurred Bella Abzug to a *New York Times* reporter: "Too many of them, like that Zug-Zug, as soon as they open their mouths they lose the issue."

If this weren't bad enough, the Republican, Liberal and finally Democratic Mayor, John Lindsay, was a black belt at ego crushing. Lindsay, through most of his term of office, was the major actor in a secret script in which he was destined to become President, and there was little room on his stage for other stars. The Congressmen loathed Lindsay because he consistently snubbed them in Washington. A perpetual witness before House committees, Lindsay never allowed a hometown Representative to introduce him—a courtesy which politicians thrive on, especially when cameras are present. Says Robert Rickles, former Air Resources commissioner, "I can't think of one time when John Lindsay announced anything when he stood up with a member of the delegation."

In 1969 Koch and a few others tried to get delegation meetings started again, but attendance was poor, and Delaney and Rooney boycotted them entirely. As Koch tells it, "Rooney never came to a luncheon. He didn't like us and didn't want to have anything to do with us." Says Scheuer, "We met, but we were a bunch of unconnected prima donnas."

By 1973 there appeared to be a stand-off between regular and reform elements of the delegation. Reformers ruled Manhattan; with important exceptions here and there, the remnants of the machine ruled the outer boroughs. No one person emerged within the delegation to give it a sense of purpose. On the outside, the only men who could have made a difference were ineligible because of party affiliation (Rockefeller) or personal shortcomings (Lindsay).

During this period a certain nostalgia arose for the old machine. Perhaps because the regulars had moved so much to the Left over the years, it was easy to forget their earlier disdain for liberal causes. With their power so diminished, one could ignore all the stealing that used to go on. In the discord of 1973 the machine could be remembered as a benevolent beehive.

In retrospect it is not surprising therefore that a comprehensive and well-publicized study of the city's Congressional delegation by a Columbia University political science professor blamed the reformers for much of the decline. Labeling the delegation a "helpless giant," Donald Haider charged that, by refusing to conform to traditional House procedures or to be loyal to the party leadership, reformers diminished the opportunity for future returns to the city. He correctly observed that reformers disliked deals, tended to choose committee assignments (like Foreign Affairs) which were high in potential rhetoric and showed little concern for the city's delicate financial base. By undermining the organization, Haider said, the reformers had killed leadership in the delegation and leadership alone can perform such time-honored constituent-serving tasks as logrolling.

His point seemed to be borne out by the abhorrence which many of the House members had for the brassy Bella Abzug and by the popular charge that her support for almost any piece of legislation automatically cost votes. The delegation's prestige seemed to hit bottom when House Speaker Carl Albert was reported to have dismissed it as "that crowd."

Ironically, Haider had singled out the Brooklyn component of the delegation for praise, citing its decades of strength and cohesion, but he warned: "Even the Brooklyn delegation's unity is now a bit shaky with two of its six Representatives avowed reformers." His warning went unheeded, however, and a year later the remaining four Brooklyn seats changed hands (two of them going to avowed reformers). The once omnipotent Irish-Jewish old-man's regime had given way to a new order as Shirley

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Chisholm, a sometimes cagey, sometimes quixotic West Indian black became the dean of the Brooklyn delegation.

Fortunately for New York City, changes have been underway elsewhere in the country, too. Their impact has hit Capitol Hill just this year and it has suddenly altered the perspective on New York's battered caucus. The new Congress has a staggering ninety-two freshmen legislators and the average age in the House has fallen to 40—instantly transforming the 51-year-old Benjamin Rosenthal from a young radical to an elder statesman. Seniority has been seriously shaken by the Democratic Caucus, which today is dominated by liberals, many of whom share the New Yorkers' traditional concerns. The freshman class, led by suburban New York Rep. Richard Ottinger, is hell-bent on participation. These blows to the old system should prove a godsend to the seniority-impoverished New York City caucus.

While much of the new mood may reflect only a temporary electoral shift, for the moment at least, the Congressmen from New York City are in the mainstream of political thinking on Capitol Hill and not quite so dependent on parochial forms of legislative power. Other political shifts are certain to be more lasting. Those parts of the country which have traditionally held an unnatural advantage in Congress by their ability to keep their Representatives in office for four or five decades, are beginning to experience the same widening of participation, heightening of awareness and increasing demand for attention on the part of numerous interest groups that have driven New York politics to a fever pitch in the last dozen years or so. Both income and political awareness are rising in the South, to take the most important example, and with them have come a two-party system and serious primary battles. For better or worse, the old days when everyone could get together and agree on a Congressional candidate who could be assured a long tenure are coming to an end. That is an obvious benefit to New York where, since the decline of the machine, it has been difficult to get together and agree on anything.

Meanwhile, things have quieted down a bit in New York itself. Abe Beame has replaced John Lindsay, and Beame, though hardly a spirited leader or strong-arm man, is a machine-trained "team player" who has already improved City Hall's relations with the capital crowd. Albany is also in Democratic hands with the election of former Brooklyn Congressman Hugh Carey as Governor and this may help generate a new sense of party unity and purpose. The party Left, which seems to have spent its post-1950s burst of indignation, has quieted down enough to fit in. "We tend to be less ideologically inclined than we once were," says Koch. "We're more Center-oriented. There's been a change in the times." Although one aspect of this change is that the reform movement has obviously lost the spark that ignited it twenty-five years ago, there is probably something to be gained, in the Congress at least, by the blurring of the old reform-regular distinctions. Abzug, for instance, once known exclusively for giving them hell, has developed an added reputation as a hard-working legislator and staff slave driver.

Koch, a sometimes bitter rival of Abzug, is also known for extreme diligence on legislative matters and points proudly to legislative accomplishments like the Koch-Goldwater privacy bill. On the other side of the coin, Joseph Addabbo, an organization man from Queens, has taken radical stands against the SST and the war in Indochina. It was his amendment to cut off the Cambodia bombing that forced Nixon into the famous bombing halt compromise. Even the 74-year-old Delaney, who customarily gets higher ratings from the Americans for Conservative Action than from the liberal ADA, has been praised for his work on the mass transportation bill, a recent piece of legislation which had the whole delegation hopping. Says Badillo, "The moment he became chairman, he rolled up his sleeves and became a different guy."

Also, the expertise developed over the years by these Representatives—Koch and Abzug on transportation and the environment, Scheuer on public safety and police, Rosenthal on consumer affairs, John Murphy (the conservative Democrat from Staten Island) on drug abuse and rehabilitation—may earn them a more active role in the activist 94th Congress.

But despite these positive developments, the New Yorkers will still have a difficult time coalescing into a genuine working caucus. Though the internal turmoil has abated and the national scene has warmed, the present state of the delegation suggests not so much an era of good feelings as a calm between two storms. For while the reformers have made a victor's peace with the regulars, they have yet to fight it out among themselves. Eventually, someone from the reform group is going to have to replace Delaney as chairman and even if the post is little more than honorary, this could open a serious rift. At the moment, Rosenthal looks like the strongest candidate, but Koch, who has earned his stripes as secretary of the delegation, will surely be in contention. A more serious divisive factor is the centrifugal force generated by the endless quest for higher office. It is this more than anything else which might make working in, say, the black or women's caucus a potentially more appealing line of endeavor.

The pursuit of what Lindsay liked to call the "second toughest job in the country" has raised the most hackles. Four current members of the delegation—Koch, Badillo, Scheuer and Biaggi—have made the mayoral race at least once. Nor are these the only ambitious people in the delegation. Abzug and Holtzman are among a dozen Democrats known, or thought, to be eyeing James Buckley's Senate seat, which is supposed to be easy pickings for a Democrat in 1976. Brooklyn newcomers Steven Solarz and Frederick Richmond are also looking to move up, and Richmond, who has money and who will face a serious challenge as soon as the black and Puerto Rican majority in his district coalesces behind a single candidate, may want to move up quickly.

It is not just ambition, a common enough feature of political life, but the unparalleled number of prestigious jobs available back home that keeps the delegation's brew boiling. Governor, mayor, attorney general, state or city comptroller, Manhattan district attorney are all promotions for a New York City Congressman.

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So as Capitol Hill has grown in importance in all aspects of American urban life, New York City Congressmen have spent more and more time tilling the home turf. It's a distinctly New York phenomenon which undermines the prestige of the Congressional office and of Washington itself. The attitude is partially expressed by New Yorkophile Rickles, who from time to time lobbies in Washington for transportation and environmental causes:

> A lot of our guys go down to Washington, they're disappointed, and they spend the next two years figuring how to get the hell out of there. For all of its faults, New York is one of the few towns worth staying in. . . . [Its] where all the action is, where all the money can be made, where things are happening. . . .

Also, because there are so many of them, Congressmen are simply not perceived as that big a deal in the city. "It's certainly different from being the one Congressman from Minneapolis," laments Rosenthal. "Whatever [Rep. Donald] Fraser says is reported on all three television stations, including Mary Tyler Moore, and in the Minneapolis *Tribune*." Scheuer adds: "I'd have to stab another Congressman in the chest and let him bleed to death on the steps of City Hall in order to make *The New York Times*."

When New York Congressmen do get hometown coverage, it's usually for issues that have nothing to do with their work on Capitol Hill. The last time Rosenthal made the six o'clock news was when he made a statement outside the U.N. protesting the presence of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Badillo's last TV appearance was during the wave of bombings by pro-independence Puerto Rican extremists.

All this built-in instability—the competition for press coverage, the free-for-all for higher office, the need to cultivate one's constituency as insurance against a primary challenge—makes concerted action a slippery goal. The classic path toward multiplying a delegation's strength is through bloc voting and careful trade-offs. Koch, who acknowledges that the delegation is "not as good at bringing home the bacon as delegations which are willing to logroll," has found it impossible to organize a logrolling machinery. "We all carry this holy grail around," he complains, and blames the New York "opinion makers" for labeling every vote a matter of conscience. However, even without the city's ideological fervors, only the intervention of a greater force could once more achieve the discipline and fine tuning which was buried with the machine.

At the moment such a force exists. For the immediate future, the last word on the subject of delegational unity belongs to the new Governor. As a Congressman, Hugh Carey had been a key man in the delegation. Closely aligned with Celler, he also had good ties to the liberal wing, and got along well enough with Wilbur Mills, under whom he served on the Ways and Means Committee, to become an important influence in the latter's conversion to revenue sharing. Carey knows the legislative process, he knows the people in Washington and is liked by them. Always a cagey operator, he has been able to cross party lines in order to be close to the source of power. An enduring relationship with Nelson Rockefeller (who killed off a Conservative Party threat to Carey's re-election in 1972) is a case in point. Says Hemenway, a liberal admirer of Carey, "No one ever faulted Hughie on smarts, believe me."

Carey will control a lot of patronage and, as a key national Democrat who is even now regarded as a Presidential possibility, he will be able to go over the heads of his delegation directly to the Speaker and other sources of power on Capitol Hill. But if he wants to, and if he displays the same wiliness and tact that he has used to his advantage in the past, he could become a dominant force in the delegation and perhaps even pull it into a limited bipartisan statewide coalition.

Over the long run predictions are impossible. New York City now has a group of good, mostly conscientious Congressmen, but they can never forget the very special pressures of their hometown, nor their inner strivings—both of which militate against the development of career Congressmen. For the moment, the city's best hope lies in a fortuitous dashing of their dreams of higher office, a lasting orientation toward reform in Congress, and the continuing spread, elsewhere in the nation, of the social divisiveness and ideological restlessness which have so rent New York City in recent years. □

BRASS IN MUFTI

Golden Threads to the Pentagon

MICHAEL D. EDWARDS

Washington

"I'm not sure I'll be able to adjust to civilian life," confessed the colonel after a few Scotch-and-waters, on the eve of going to work for a large defense contractor. "Despite the money, I'm afraid I won't feel as important as I did in uniform."

"Don't worry about a thing," countered his companion with a smile. "You and I are about to become the golden threads that hold the military-industrial complex together."

During the past three years more than 2,000 high-ranking Defense Department officials have left government employment and taken up residence in defense industries. It is a practice that not only is likely to continue but one which the corporations are eager to ex-

Michael Edwards, a Washington-based free-lance writer, is completing a book on the career of the late Rep. William F. Ryan of New York.

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pand. They don't hesitate to admit that they are in the market for any job-hunting military officers or civilian DOD personnel. In fact, when word gets out that an admiral or a general who has been involved in the planning or the research for a large project is about to retire, defense contractors may bid for his services as overtly as any professional football team going after a star college quarterback. They insist that these former Pentagon employees have a very special kind of expertise, that they are familiar with the professional language, that they may even have helped to develop certain material requirements and procurement policies which their specific industries must meet.

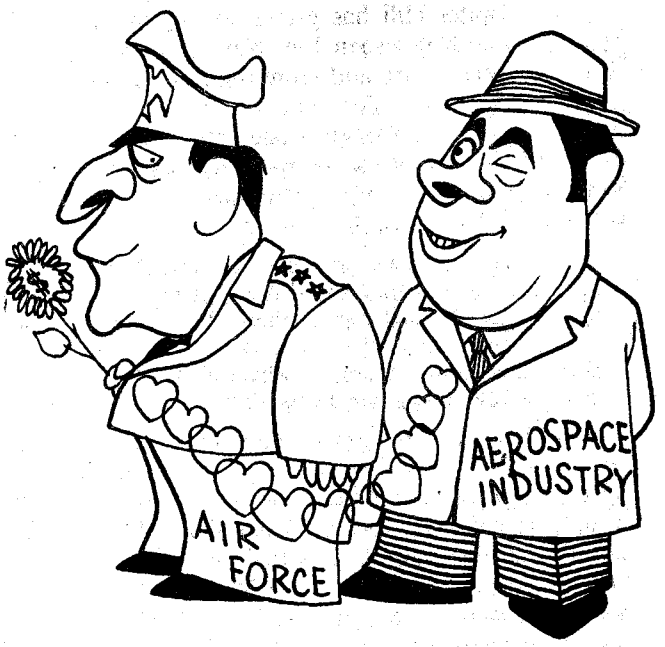
But these board-room scouts usually omit the crucial reason for hiring former Pentagon brass. Military retirees who take private employment frequently bring with them more than their "special" experience gained at government expense. They bring their contacts, which can mean informal access to privileged information and a marked ability to influence the procurement decisions of the department. "In the eyes of most defense contractors, these retired military officers represent more than just an excellent source of experienced executive talent," says one corporate recruiter. "They represent *money*."

Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.) puts it more bluntly: "The flow of high-ranking officers to defense industry is a classic case of conflict of interest. It perpetuates the 'buddy system' whereby defense contractual relationships are aided by sympathetic friends."

But the dangers of this situation are even greater than just the constant threat that high-ranking retired officers may use their influence to affect decisions on contracts, or that active officers involved in procurement may be influenced by the prospect of future jobs with the very companies from which they are buying. The well-embedded views of these individuals on both military systems and requirements create far too great a unity of interest and conviction within the military establishment and the defense industry. As a result, these retired soldiers are often a potent and continuing force for excessive DOD procurement and for keeping in the armaments business companies that could well convert to civilian production.

Despite the seriousness of the situation, the government for years closed its eyes to the increasing flow of Pentagon brass to defense industries. No record was kept of which officers went to work for which industries. No one knew even how many such cases there were. Nor did many people seem to care.

Then, on June 10, 1969, hearings before the Subcommittee on Economy in Government of the Joint Economic Committee brought home to many members of the Congress how important was the problem they faced. The testimony related to the Minuteman II missile program and why its costs had risen from an original estimate of $3.2 billion to more than $7 billion, as of then. It turned out that one of the major subcontractors was North American Aviation, a company that had been hiring former Air Force officers at a startling rate. In recent months two Air Force plant representatives and



Noonan

a project officer for the contract had signed on with the company, one as division manager. At the same time, Lieut. Gen. W. Austin Davis (Ret.), the ex-chief of the Air Force's Ballistics Systems Division which handled the contract, took over as vice president of the company; his former chief procurement officer was hired as well. Nor should any of these men have been lonely for old military chums—North American had at the time 104 former officers on its payroll.

Proxmire thought the case was clear and he wrote then Atty. Gen. John Mitchell to urge that he take action. "It is one thing for a military or civilian officer of the government to retire and go to work generally for a company doing business with the government. But it is another for those who represent the government in the plant and who are in direct negotiations and supervision of contracts with a particular company to go to work for that company." If this is not a conflict of interest, Proxmire's letter to Mitchell concluded, then the laws are not worth the paper they are written on. Mitchell, whose Justice Department never gained a reputation for crusading against either the government or big business, wrote back that in his view the law did not cover this situation.

But Mitchell's opinion notwithstanding, there are some legal limits to the kind of work that former military personnel may do when they retire. Federal law prohibits retired officers from "selling" to the DOD for three years after retirement, and to their own branch of the service for life. The problem is that the law is very vague as to what constitutes "selling." It is so vague, in fact, that the President's own Blue Ribbon Defense Panel warned that it raises serious constitutional doubts as to its validity as a criminal statute. As a result, since 1962 the department has taken action in only one case involving a major contractor.

Moreover, since defense contractors exist for the purpose of selling to the Pentagon, it may be thought that the question of which particular employees are specifically

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engaged as salesmen is ludicrous. Needless to say, the companies give their former Pentagon employees such job descriptions as "Director of Advanced Planning," "Executive Vice President for Internal Affairs" or "Washington Representative." It would offend against military-industrial good manners to label them as salesmen.

Unable to get the Justice Department to take administrative action and knowing how hard it would be to get a tougher version of the conflict-of-interest laws through Congress, Senator Proxmire proposed an amendment to the Military Procurement Authorization Act that would require former DOD personnel to make it known when they took positions with defense industries. Armed with a Defense Department report showing that at least 2,124 high-ranking former military officers were then employed by the top 100 contractors and that this number was at least three times as large as it had been a decade earlier, the Senator brought his amendment to the floor on September 9, 1969. On the principle that "sunshine is a great disinfectant," the Proxmire amendment required that, beginning July 1, 1970, all former high-ranking military officials (major, lieutenant commander and higher) and all civilian Defense Department employees (G.S. 13 and above) who joined defense companies would have to report their new employment to the Pentagon, which in turn would annually inform Congress of the flow.

With Armed Services Committee Chairman John Stennis (D., Miss.) carefully repeating that this provision would in no way bar or limit the hiring of top military brass by private industry, the amendment was adopted by the Senate by a vote of 90 to 0, and was soon signed into law as Section 410 of Public Law 91-121.

While not slowing the stream of defense personnel to defense companies, this annual report does provide the only way of monitoring the situation. And its implications are as staggering as its length. In fact, the General Accounting Office estimates that it costs the Defense Department more than $25,000 just to assemble a list so extensive.

For instance, this year's report shows that in the twelve months between July 1, 1973 and June 30, 1974, at least 542 DOD officials left government service and went to work for defense contractors. The Air Force heads the list with 203 names. From the Navy, 117 former lieutenant commanders and higher went with defense contractors; the Army total was sixty-one. The remaining 161 were civilians from the Pentagon and other defense agencies. The Northrop Corporation hired forty-eight former defense officers during the year—the most of any contractor. Boeing took twenty-one; Rockwell International (builder of the B-1 bomber), twenty; and the ill-fated Litton shipbuilder, eighteen.

While a single year's statistics are sobering, the total picture is downright alarming. Comparing the reports for the past few years, Defense Department spokesmen point out that there appears to be a steady decline in the rate at which Pentagon employees and retired military personnel are going into defense industries: 542 in fiscal year 1974; 669 in fiscal year 1973; 823 in fiscal year 1972; and 1,405 in fiscal year 1971. But these figures are seriously misleading, for the law provides that after three years former officials no longer need to report. Thus, the declining totals hide an ever increasing accumulation.

An analysis prepared by Proxmire's staff shows that at least 2,214 different people reported in one of the three years prior to 1974. That figure, they note, will be higher this year and does not include those who left the government before the reporting requirement became mandatory. The real total, they estimate, is well in excess of 5,000 former Pentagon officials now working for the defense industry.

The shortcomings of a three-year limitation on reporting are serious. Not only does early cutoff mask the growing total of former officers currently with military contractors, but it will make it the more difficult to detect specific incidents of conflict of interest in the future. As the Blue Ribbon Defense Panel noted in its 1970 report to the President and the Secretary of Defense, "generally, military officers retire at a relatively early age and expect to have twenty or more useful years remaining before attaining the normal age associated with withdrawal from the labor force." With such a long work life in front of them, it would seem prudent to amend the law to require yearly reports as long as the official is engaged in defense-related work.

But whereas the reporting requirement should be extended, a quiet effort has been underway to eliminate it completely. One day late last year there turned up on the calendar of the Senate Government Operations Committee a bill which would have terminated a number of reports now required by law, including the Proxmire amendment.

The bill resulted from a study conducted by the General Accounting Office at the request of the chairman of the House Committee on Government Operations. While it is generally the practice of the GAO to discuss with its author the enduring merits of any legislation proposed for discontinuance, it failed to raise the matter with Senator Proxmire or his staff. Rather the GAO investigators sat down with the staffs of the House and Senate Armed Services Committees, both of which insisted that the Proxmire provision should be eliminated. It was only when Sen. Lee Metcalf (D., Mont.) insisted that the information from the report was vital to the work of his subcommittee on Budgeting, Management and Expenditures that the GAO reversed itself and removed the Proxmire amendment from the list of reporting requirements to be abandoned.

Although this attempt to back away quietly from the gains made in monitoring the relationship between the military and the defense industry failed, it is a warning of how essential it is to continue the watch. Of course, there is a much simpler way to meet the problem, and that is to cut the threads which help bind the Defense Department and military contractors together by barring former military officers and Pentagon officials from going to work at any time in any capacity for defense industries. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Upgrading the Labor Force Down

LABOR AND MONOPOLY CAPITAL: The Degradation of Work in the Twentieth Century. *By Harry Braverman. Monthly Review Press. 465 pp. $12.50.*

ELY CHINOY

Despite the importance of human labor in Marx's conception of man and history, Marxists have paid relatively little attention to the problems of work itself. For most of them, Marx's analysis of the labor process, the division of labor, and the impact of machine industry have been both beginning and end. Although theoretical discussions of alienated labor abound, few Marxists have tried to update his historical account of labor under capitalism by examining the impact of the technological, scientific and organizational changes that have been part of the development of modern industry.

Yet the changes that have occurred in industry and in the economy have substantially transformed the kinds of work people must do as well as the occupational structure as a whole. A more complex technology and greater reliance upon science have increased the need for specialized technical personnel. The white-collar sector has grown substantially as the scale of organization has expanded and more people have been required in communication, distribution, finance and services. Unions have given workers some protection against arbitrary and authoritarian employers, while income levels and living standards have risen. Automation has eliminated many routine jobs and required workers to assume more responsibility within the production process. As all these changes have occurred, the general level of education has gone up.

Several conclusions might be drawn from these facts: that the condition of the working class has improved; that there has been a substantial upgrading of the labor force; that the Marxist view of work and of the class structure of capitalist society cannot be sustained by the evidence. All of these conclusions are challenged by Harry Braverman in this impressive and stimulating book in which he subjects "the changes in productive processes . . . [and] in the occupational and industrial structure of the working population" to a systematic Marxist analysis.

Braverman's basic premise is that the labor process is "dominated and shaped by the accumulation of capital." The tendencies described by Marx in *Capital,* he argues, are still evident. Workers are still exploited and alienated. In order to utilize productive facilities as efficiently and profitably as possible, "capital" continues to concentrate knowledge and intelligence in its hands—or those of its agents—thus reducing workers to what Marx called "detail laborers," or what we would call operatives. The division of labor which, in Marx's view, fragmented workers and crippled them "in mind and body," remains a central principle in the organization of work. The result of these persisting tendencies, Braverman argues, has been a steady decline in the general level of skill, knowledge and responsibility expected or required of large segments of the labor force and, therefore, a continuing "degradation" of the work that men and women must do.

Braverman's conclusions derive from a rich analysis of the principles of management, the role of science, and the evolution of modern technology, on the one hand, and of the occupational structure they have produced on the other. As he notes, however, management, science and technology are not independent variables; the forms they have taken have been very much influenced by the necessities of capitalist production.

In fleshing out his analysis, Braverman devotes considerable attention to Frederick Winslow Taylor, whose theories of scientific management have been widely adopted and whose name has come to represent the prevailing approach to both management and productive techniques. The basic principles enunciated by Taylor were: "the dissociation of the labor process from the skills of the workers"; "the separation of conception from execution"; "the use of [management's] monopoly over [technical] and scientific knowledge to control each step of the labor process and its mode of execution." Though justified as "scientific," "Taylorism" (a term now more widely used in Europe than in the United States) bears a striking resemblance to Marx's description of the tendencies inherent in capitalist production. It too encourages the concentration of knowledge in the hands of technicians, engineers and managers; the division of labor; and the unquestioning submission of workers to their employers.

Science also becomes "an adjunct of capital." Not only does it provide a rationale for the managerial principles enunciated by Taylor, but it also becomes an instrument directed primarily to the needs of capitalist enterprise. Research in the natural sciences, much of it carried on by private corporations, is centrally concerned with the development of new products and new technology. It becomes a "balance-sheet item," an element in the structure of capital itself. Work is subjected to scientific analysis in order to rationalize performance and increase production, reducing the worker to an extension of the machine. In the social sciences, much attention is given to the techniques of management and the ways in which labor can be habituated to the requirements of modern industry.

In describing the development of modern technology, Braverman emphasizes primarily the ways in which machines are controlled. Increasingly, the engineers and technicians who design and program the machines and the managers who direct the production process also control their operation. Machines themselves may "manage" the workers; the speed at which the assembly line moves, for example, determines the pace and rhythm at which work must be performed. When production is fully programmed, as it may be in automated industry, workers merely serve as attendants who keep an eye on dials and gauges and manipulate simple control devices. Because the application of skill and the exercise of judgment are now removed from the work they must do, workers are left with routine tasks that require little of them—or else they may be eliminated entirely.

Changes in management and in technology have not only affected how work is done but they have also, in conjunction with the growth of corporate enterprise, the commercialization of traditional social functions, and the increased activities of the state, markedly transformed the structure of the labor force as a whole. The most obvious change has been an increase in white-collar workers, a shift which has been widely taken as evidence of a growing middle

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class. Braverman takes issue with this conclusion, arguing that "The apparent trend to a large nonproletarian 'middle class' has resolved itself into the creation of a large proletariat in a new form." Unlike the traditional Marxist view, which merely insisted that all those who must sell their labor power are, by definition, part of the working class, Braverman's conclusion rests upon an impressive body of evidence, for he describes in some detail how clerical workers, who constitute about 40 per cent of the "new middle class," have seen their jobs increasingly subjected to management controls that reduce their autonomy, diminish their responsibility and dilute or destroy whatever skills they possess. Retail salespeople too are increasingly subject to automated systems that control their work, as are many of the technical jobs created by modern technology.

Braverman also challenges the assertion that the working class itself has been upgraded. This assertion rests on the general increase in the number of years spent in school, the sharp decline in the proportion of unskilled laborers and, perhaps most significantly, the substantial growth (now receding) in the proportion of "operatives and kindred workers." But should operatives, many of whom learn how to do their jobs in a few hours and do them "skillfully" in a few days, be considered "semi-skilled," or is this classification in fact grossly inflated? Braverman makes a good case for the latter conclusion. In addition, many of those who are classified as service workers, a category that has grown substantially, are in fact unskilled, requiring little if any training and having little if any prospects of advancement. The ostensible elevation of the skill level of much of the labor force is therefore seen to be substantially exaggerated. On the basis of Braverman's analysis, well over a quarter of the labor force would have to be considered as essentially unskilled.

One may quibble with some specific points in Braverman's analysis—I think that he may be exaggerating the decline of craftsmanship and ignoring or minimizing the significance of the growth of professional and technical occupations—but on the whole his account of what has been happening to work in American society is both penetrating and persuasive. But his interpretation of both the reasons for the evolution he describes so well and of its consequences is open to serious question. One need not accept the technological determinism that Braverman quite properly rejects in suggesting that there can be a dialectical relationship between a science-based technology and the economic system within which it takes shape and functions. Though Braverman sharply criticizes studies that have tried to identify the impact of technology per se upon work and workers, to some degree justifiably, the findings of such studies cannot be totally ignored. However constrained they may be by capitalist modes of production, workers are still often aware of and sensitive to the differences in the demands made by the technology. Though Braverman scornfully dismisses as irrelevant any comparison between the United States and the Soviet Union, the fact that there are significant parallels in the nature and organization of work suggests that other factors than the "basic social forms" may help shape modes of production—science, technology, perhaps even culture and ideology. (The argument that the comparison is not relevant because the Soviet Union has given up its "original revolutionary objectives" and has merely borrowed from capitalism is not persuasive.)

Though one of the virtues of the book is its clear focus on the objective character of jobs and work situations, there is little concern with the ways in which workers respond to the circumstances in which they find themselves. Braverman assumes simply that beneath the

> . . . apparent habituation [to their work] the hostility of workers to the degenerated forms of work which are forced upon them continues as a subterranean stream that makes its way to the surface when employment conditions permit, or when the capitalist drive for a greater intensity of labor oversteps the bounds of physical and mental capacity. It renews itself in new generations, expresses itself in unbounded cynicism which large numbers of workers feel about their work, and comes to the fore repeatedly as a social issue demanding solution.

To generalize in this fashion, however, is to disregard the complex realities of the workers' daily experience. Workers may well be habituated to uninteresting, unsatisfying work, as Braverman suggests. But it would still be fruitful to ask how they cope with the realities of life in order to maintain some significant sense of self, what aspects of their work make a difference in their experience, what changes would make their work better and what potentialities for change exist. To assert that one must wait for socialism to arrive, on the assumption that only the transformation of the basic institutions of society can lead to significant changes in work, is both defeatist and, I think, historically incorrect.

Braverman characterizes typical studies of job satisfaction and dissatisfaction by industrial psychologists and sociologists as simply efforts to identify "the conditions under which the worker may best be brought to cooperate in the scheme of work organized by the industrial engineer." And the various experiments designed to "humanize" work are criticized as being intended primarily to reduce costs and increase efficiency. He

THE LESSON

Across the meadow a scarlet hide-and-seek, the wildness
tamed by the berries' faint fragrance: essential June.

Cradled in blackened stones, the shed leaves' mountain of spice,
quick sapphire flaming, rubies' richness, flutter of gold—
transformed to a dervish ghost.
Smoke scenting the air with autumn and farewell.

The taste on the tongue of the first snow,
all it portends of winter: the gaiety
of the heavens' bounty—for the young, the narrowing
of promise for the old.

Voices: the intimate joke, edged indignation, a piercing tenderness;
faces, some loved from birth, through boyhood, through manhood loved;
faces, voices, how many, fading
to ultimate nothing.

Whatever the years gave, remembered now
as ugliness, as joy—if impure, yet joy, to become
nothing.
(Who can conceive of nothing?)
Alone finally, learn
how to receive the Unknown.

Babette Deutsch

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is undoubtedly correct about much that has been done, a fact that others have also pointed out, though his analysis provides an excellent explanation of why this is so. But it might be more in keeping with a Marxist view to search for the seeds of new ways of organizing work within capitalism itself than to assume that one must wait for the arrival of socialism, when work will be reorganized by the "conscious and purposive activity of collective humanity." Insofar as changes in technology and management—which are evident here and there, albeit infrequently and on a modest scale—begin to increase workers' autonomy, expand their responsibility and enlarge their skill, they may point the way toward making work a more rewarding experience for more and more workers. Major changes will undoubtedly be slow in coming, but new modes of production cannot be made of whole cloth.

These reservations, however, do not diminish the importance of Braverman's contribution. In his introduction, he complains that the Marxist critique of the capitalist mode of production has lost its "cutting edge." He has done a great deal to restore its sharpness. And in doing so he has forced us to reconsider a good many widely accepted generalizations, to take a fresh look at the realities of work in contemporary society, and to become aware of what is happening to human beings whose lives are shaped by the work they must do. □

'A Bad Story about the Hard Life'

THE POOR MOUTH: A Bad Story about the Hard Life. *By Flann O'Brien. Translated from the Gaelic by Patrick C. Power. A Richard Seaver Book. The Viking Press. 128 pp. $7.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Flann O'Brien once put James Joyce between the covers of a book—*The Dalkey Archive*—where, as curate in a public house, the great man now incognito spends his time, between administrations of malt and sherry, in the composition of edifying little tracts for the Catholic Truth Society. The great man, had he lived to meet himself in Dalkey, would have been amused, for he was an old hand at O'Brien's game, indeed the master of it. When *At Swim-Two-Birds*, O'Brien's first novel, was published in 1939, Joyce thought it "a really funny book," and the author "a real writer with the true comic spirit." He may even have looked forward, as others did, to further manifestations of that spirit, so much like his own, but by the time O'Brien's second novel appeared in 1961 Joyce had been dead for twenty years.

And what had happened to this comic spirit during those twenty years? It had no sooner appeared it seems, than, like a lot of things during World War II, it went immediately underground. It is rumored that in the 1940s a small in-group of undergraduates at University College, Dublin, a sort of literary underground, nourished their souls on *At Swim-Two-Birds* which had become for them during those dull gray years an almost secret comic scripture. Indeed it seemed for a while that O'Brien's comic gifts, in want of wider acclaim, were to be appreciated only within the confines of an undergraduate cult. Then in the 1950s word began to spread among academics on both sides of the Atlantic that an Irish writer, who looked very like a true and legitimate successor to James Joyce, was the author of a novel which, in originality of design and gaiety of execution, might find a place on the same shelf with *Ulysses*.

When the academics looked into the matter (no need to look far) they discovered that the novelist Flann O'Brien was also two other people. The first of these was Brian O'Nolan, for so the man had been born, or at least christened, back in 1911 in the County Tyrone. This O'Nolan was, and remained through life, a civil servant in the city of Dublin where, however, he was more familiar to his fellow citizens as Myles Na Gopaleen, an amusing and erudite columnist for *The Irish Times*. As if gratified at being "discovered," Flann O'Brien who—aside from a little book in Gaelic, a language which preserved it in virginal obscurity from most of the world—had so far published only one novel, now produced in rather rapid succession three more: *The Hard Life* (1961), *The Dalkey Archive* (1964) and *The Third Policeman* (1967). The last of these appeared posthumously, O'Brien-O'Nolan-Na Gopaleen having died in Dublin the year before—not, as Joyce might have anticipated, a great comic artist at the height of his powers, but rather like one of his own comic characters who had, nevertheless, succeeded at least once in writing the book of himself.

As for that little book in Gaelic: *An Béal Bocht* was first published in 1941 and has only now been put into English as *The Poor Mouth* (which means to pretend that your lot is much worse than it is on the chance it may somehow get better) by Patrick C. Power, a man who evidently knows what he is doing and is at the same time aware of what *cannot* be done in bringing a sophisticated Gaelic yarn into plain and simple English.

Kevin Sullivan, who taught for many years at Columbia University, is now teaching at Queens College, City University of New York.

"... As with most Irish conundrums, one searches in vain for the pattern. By this week, something over a score of exclusion orders had been issued since the end of November. They have been severally denounced as infringements of freedom; nervously accepted as a necessary evil in other liberal quarters; or, not unexpectedly, seen elsewhere as insufficient. What nobody has discovered is the basis on which the authorities impose their sanctions. The chosen group is disparate. It has a certain Irishness in common. That is all ..."

—a voice of reason and humanity speaks every week in the

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Here is the heart of the difficulty: *An Béal Bocht* is a satire; the object of the satire is the Gaelic language, or more properly the Gaelic language revival; but since the book was written in Gaelic and is itself a product of that revival, the satire inevitably turns in upon itself in ways that defy unerring passage through nuances and shades of meaning (and double meaning) from one language to another. We are told, for example, in a brief preface, that O'Brien is at times parodying the style of certain modern Gaelic writers—Máire (Séamus O Grianna and Tomás O Criomhthainn)—but to readers ignorant of Gaelic and unfamiliar with the originals, the parody, if recognizable at all, is not likely to mean much. Mr. Power, it should be said, faces up to the difficulty and, though aware that much may be lost, is also aware (for which we are grateful) that much was still to be gained by turning *An Béal Bocht* into *The Poor Mouth.*

That poor mouth belongs to one Bonaparte O'Coonassa, a character as improbable as his name, an Irish oaf, a clod, an omadhaun, who lives in an out-of-the-way corner of the Gaeltacht known as Corkadoragha. He tells his own story in a style that might be described as Irish *kvetch,* the burden of which is fairly given in the book's subtitle: "A bad story about the hard life." He lives with his mother, who is mostly invisible, and someone he calls the Old-Grey-Fellow, his putative grandda, and a company of pigs who share-and-share-alike the dim, rain-besotted hovel that passes for home. Poverty, famine, flood, drunkenness, squalor and thievery are the principal coordinates of existence in this worst of all possible worlds. Bonaparte, a Gaelic Candide, accepts his existence as if he were, as indeed he is, one with the rocks and the rain and the bogs and the sea, one for whom calamity is a natural condition of being, one of those creatures whom Yeats, describing the inhabitants of William Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,* spoke of as "only half-emerged from the earth."

This is not what our English cousins would call a jolly book, and some of our Irish cousins—those with minds more literal than literary—would hardly think it a funny book. But to those who know the folly of which even a good man in a good cause is capable, *The Poor Mouth* is a small Gaelic classic in the classical tradition of satire that ranges from Juvenal to Swift, to Voltaire, to Joyce, to—God help us—even to Evelyn Waugh. The deadliest weapon, the sharpest blade in the armory of satire is irony, the talent for turning the world upside down or, failing that, standing men on their heads so that true, or at least fresh, perspective is possible and there is once again a chance of knowing what the world is actually like to look at. The satirist in this is like those prophets of the Old Testament who lashed men from their idolatries—whatever image man's pride takes in whatever age—back into human shape again. Flann O'Brien is here deflating the heroic myth of the Gael (which was anyhow largely the contrivance of non-Gaelic Anglo-Irishmen) and at the same time instructing the Irish establishment of his day that a language, even the sweet, melodious tongue of the Gael, is less important than the men and women who speak it; that the Gaeltacht—those areas in which only Irish is spoken—cannot continue to exist as linguistic ghettos; that Gaelic made compulsory (as it was in Irish schools until a few years ago) is pointed in the direction of eternity where, like Latin and Greek, it may embalm a culture but can no longer express the life of a people.

The final irony in *The Poor Mouth* is of course that while it pokes fine (and unrefined) fun at the Gaelic revival, it is at the same time proof of the success and continuing vitality of that revival—*on se moque de ce qu'on aime*—a success and vitality sufficient to have stimulated and sustained a satiric work of the first rank. □

The Arts and American Life

THE RISE OF THE ARTS ON THE AMERICAN CAMPUS. *By Jack Morrison. McGraw-Hill. 223 pp. $8.95.*

REGIONAL THEATRE: The Revolutionary Stage. *By Joseph Wesley Zeigler. University of Minnesota Press. 277 pp. $12.50.*

BONNIE MARRANCA

The arts have always had a tenuous grip on American society. The creative artist, in particular, alternately condemned and idolized for his professional status, has throughout American history been characterized as unstable, immoral, neurotic. In a country founded on the Puritan work ethic and molded by its attitudes, aesthetic pleasure is more often considered to be frivolity than necessity.

Lacking the ages-old cultural tradition enjoyed by most of the world, the arts in America have been slow to gain a foothold. It was not until the 20th century that the arts found a home on the college campus and, until twenty-five years ago, theatre outside New York was impractical from a financial standpoint.

Both the campus and the regional theatre have been the subject of much controversy with regard to the meaningfulness of their artistic pursuits. Two recent books, Jack Morrison's *The Rise of the Arts on the American Campus,* and *Regional Theatre: The Revolutionary Stage,* by Joseph Wesley Zeigler, attempt to put into perspective the growth of the arts in higher education and the proliferation of theatres around the country.

Jack Morrison is associate director of the Arts in Education Program of the John D. Rockefeller 3rd Fund. Sponsored by the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, his book is chiefly concerned with the relationship between the arts (theatre, film, dance, architecture, art) and the university. "Will higher education and the arts coexist vulgarly or beautifully—meaningfully or superficially?" Morrison asks.

The Rise of the Arts on the American Campus, however, does not answer the question it poses; that is the task for another, more critical, study. As a descriptive work based on data gathered from seventeen colleges and universities in the United States, this book attempts no qualitative analysis of the arts in an educational context. It does not concern itself with the training of actors in drama programs, or the curricula in music departments.

In his opening chapter, entitled "The Case for the Arts in Higher Education," Morrison offers his own rationale for establishing the arts as a feature of the college curriculum—the need for non-discursive modes of expression, and the nurturing of creative talent. In other pages of his short text—most of the book is composed of tables and questionnaire results derived from the schools represented in the study—he sketches the historical background of the arts in academic life, emphasizing the difficulty in gaining acceptance for them on the part of conservative faculty and administrators. The appendix includes the findings of several studies of the U.S. Office of Education and the American Council of Education which show figures on enrollments and earned arts degrees, at-

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titudes toward the arts and attendance at cultural events.

Though Morrison sees an increase in the study of the arts on college campuses—he predicts high enrollments in the 1980s—he is not satisfied with the status of the arts in general in higher education. He recommends changes in arts programs, such as the development of an aesthetic philosophy, establishing institutes for training young artists, and the creation of new works under less formal and less costly conditions. He also proposes that students be educated in the technique of "grantsmanship"—how to get public and private support for creative projects. In short, he suggests that if the scientist and his laboratory have found a comfortable home in the academic community, it should be possible to have the artist and his studio become equally familiar features of the educational scene.

In *Regional Theatre: The Revolutionary Stage,* Joseph Zeigler confirms that the arts on campus and the regional theatre suffer from the same basic problem: lack of acceptance. Though recognition is growing for the dramatic arts as a legitimate, professional course of study, the theatres outside New York City have always been relegated to an inferior position. Frequently cited as proof of their secondary status is the refusal of the Tony Awards judges to allow them to contend for the yearly awards. To consider them ineligible is to ignore their existence.

For some actors and directors, the theatre outside of New York is a place to go if they can't find work on Broadway. Others regard it as an opportunity to escape for a while a highly competitive commercial theatre—a chance to grow in a repertory situation. Still, it is Broadway that makes or breaks reputations; given our present theatrical structure, it is the natural goal of the actor, playwright, director or designer.

Mr. Zeigler's book is chiefly a historical account of the regional theatre movement over the past twenty-five years. It details the business and management operations of theatres around the country, in many of which the author has worked at the administrative level. He gives a well-researched and useful overview of the rise of the regional theatre.

Unfortunately, Zeigler provides little critical analysis of regional theatre productions. Julius Novick's *Beyond Broadway* is more enlightening in this respect, though not as up-to-date as Zeigler's book.

The modern regional theatre movement—an earlier one was underway in the early years of this century with the growth of "little theatres"—began in 1947 when Margo Jones founded her theatre in Dallas. In the same year Nina Vance opened the Alley Theatre in Houston. By Zeigler's count, approximately forty theatres have sprung up around the country, nearly three times the number in existence twenty years ago.

What accounts for the interest in theatre outside New York? The author notes that early leaders in the movement started theatres primarily as places where they could direct plays themselves. In other instances, cities built theatres for the sake of prestige. Financially and emotionally, Minneapolis welcomed Tyrone Guthrie's decision to establish his theatre there. Less than a dozen years old, it is the most prestigious regional theatre in the United States.

The relationship between the community and the theatrical company is the determining factor in the life of the theatre. Area residents are needed as subscribers and the wealthier ones are called upon to assist directly in financial matters. In cases where community support was not forthcoming, theatres closed down. The Actor's Workshop, founded in 1952 by Jules Irving and Herbert Blau, is a noteworthy example. The leaders of this theatre produced offbeat, anti-establishment plays that interested them, and refused to cater to the tastes of their San Francisco audiences. Ignoring their constituents, they were in turn ignored. ("I don't want to be doing *Mary, Mary* when the bomb drops," said Irving, whose company was responsible for presenting more premières of American plays and important European plays than any regional theatre of his day.) On the other hand, too much support—in the form of a board of directors with hiring and firing privileges—can be a hazard for artists working in regional theatre. A board of directors intent on upholding establishment values fired Andre Gregory of Philadelphia's Theatre of the Living Arts (now defunct) for his provocative presentation of Rochelle Owens' *Beclch,* in 1966.

More often than not, audiences want proven classics—what critics and scholars have agreed is Art. According to Zeigler, the most popular plays performed between 1965 and 1970 were *Twelfth Night* and *The Importance of Being Earnest.* Shakespeare, Shaw and Molière are the most popular playwrights in theatres around the country.

Fortunately, in recent years many new American plays have been produced in regional theatres; the Long Wharf Theatre in Connecticut and the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles have transferred productions to Broadway. Zeigler believes that a major turning point for the regional theatre occurred in 1967 when the Arena Stage in Washington, one of the oldest and most respected of theatres, sent *The Great White Hope* to Broadway. (Ironically, the Arena received no billing in the Broadway production, which was presented by a commercial producer.)

The fact remains that the regional theatre is largely a reactionary theatre; Zeigler's subtitling of his book, "The Revolutionary Stage," is curious. Regional theatres have by no means revolutionized acting styles, directing or the choice of plays. Moreover, theatres often serve merely as status symbols.

Both *Regional Theatre: The Revolutionary Stage* and *The Rise of the Arts on the American Campus* corroborate the existence of a cultural boom in the United States. Yet, since the authors of these books have not seen fit to present a qualitative analysis of the arts under discussion, we are left with facts and figures. Accordingly, the ultimate question is still that of the level and value of artistic expression in the social and political life of the people. □

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

It is part of Broadway's unhealthily artificial atmosphere that we receive every new play by a writer of reputation in a state of tension which requires that his work be regarded as either a major event or a disaster. We must *hate* it or *love* it. It hardly occurs to anyone that the latest effort of a generally esteemed dramatist may be only a link in a chain of development. That seems to be the case with Edward Albee's *Seascape* (Shubert Theatre).

It is his most relaxed play, a "philosophical" whimsy. You may find it delightful, or, if the nice notion on which it is based does not suit your temperament, you will consider it a drag. In either case it is not something that calls for a hysterical reaction. It is a step in Albee's still green career, a step which, seen in a certain light, augurs well for the future. In an agreeable sense, it is a "little" play.

It begins with a couple—husband and wife—idling on a deserted beach. They are an amiable pair, the contented parents of three children. Charlie seems eager now to live the rest of his life in somnolent semi-retirement. What struggle he has engaged in up to this moment—and there doesn't seem to have been much—was enough for him. He has done his duty as husband, father, citizen; he feels he has earned a rest. Not so his wife Nancy. She is eager for further experience—for *living*.

Suddenly two creatures appear from the deep. They have a lizard-like look—their costumes and make-up are wittily picturesque—and they gaze down on the human beings with combined curiosity and apprehension. The two humans are terrified, he much more than she.

The two other-world visitors are also man and wife, Leslie and Sarah. They talk plainer English than Nancy and Charlie have been doing, and make them speak more simply as well. The two specimens of the later stage of evolution have to explain themselves and their life on dry land to the "primates." The two species are not very different from each other. What is chiefly revealed through their encounter is that their existences are equally strange and marvelous. For all four of them life is a mystery, never to be conclusively explained and always fascinating. The worlds they inhabit—hardly perceived because of habit and custom, but now freshly discovered through the eyes of the others—take on the aspect of miracles. The conclusion suggests the universal need of mutual aid.

The play—essentially a one-acter—is, especially in its second half, light and cheerful. It is above all benevolent and, perhaps for the first time with Albee, rather charming. It points to a new direction or disposition on his part and possibly to a spiritual progress away from frustration and venom. If so, I welcome the new vein though, as always, I hope that Albee will eschew his inclination to the purely metaphorical and the abstractly symbolical which has long been a danger to his work.

The audience the evening I saw the play was not the self-conscious collection of professionals who attend first nights. It accepted the performance in good conscience; it was having a modest good time. This mood might have been enhanced if the performance had been given in the intimacy of a smaller house. When will producers learn that the spatial relation between stage and spectators is part of a play's effect—even, to a certain extent, of its meaning?

Frank Langella as Leslie, the male sea "monster," has the most colorful role and does it with a special grace of movement, the right sound, and funny wide-eyed surprise. As his mate, Maureen Anderman possesses a warmly beguiling voice which conveys a peculiarly affecting female sensuality. Deborah Kerr and Barry Nelson, unfortunately merely people, have a more difficult task, especially through the strain of the introductory scene. But because she is a lovely person and he a practiced comedian, they manage to hold their own and sustain the text.

Hughie is one of Eugene O'Neill's most admirable small-scale accomplishments (John Golden Theatre). Written sometime in the 1940s, first produced in 1964, its scene is the shadowy side of New York in the late 1920s. It is a study in loneliness, of waste and morose bewilderment when the city's hurly-burly becomes a cracked and dismal knell, an aggrieved silence.

The specific locale is a fourth-rate hotel lobby on 43rd Street west of Broadway, not far from where O'Neill was born. The unseen town is perhaps the play's chief character. It reeks of moral and physical hangover. It is a compost of sleazy dreams, cheap aspirations, the dark side of the glittering falsehood at the center. The iceman cometh—uptown.

There are three other characters. There is "Erie" Smith, a small-time gambler, down on his luck, a man who has always aspired to the big time. He has never made it, perhaps because there is something still too soft and responsive in his make-up. His ignorance and folly consist in his not understanding that the boom of big money and the electric gaiety of the Great White Way are as base, shoddy and demeaning as the moldy hotel which is his comfortless haven.

Erie misses his *alter ego*, the now deceased Hughie, who used to be the hotel's night clerk. Hughie was a sorry person become dust through the terrible inertia of his position behind the desk. He was also a good guy, a sucker who looked on Erie as a legendary figure because he played the horses, engaged in fabulous crap games, entertained whores and was forever besotted with Prohibition liquor. Hughie glorified Erie. Though Erie realized that he was Hugh-

THE BLOOD BOND

Nothing will lure wood-doves to feed from the hand
but unshaken stillness.
Nothing will ease cardinals from their towers of hemlock
but the shadow's non-movement.

Hoot-owl aloof in the wilderness, you be my measure;
if I swear isolation
will you throb on my shoulder, feathers subsiding
breath hissing inward
as a bonfire slakes to a core of hot ashes?

Though your terms are inhuman, I am longing
to pledge them;
be a hermit whom ravens have fed; write in blood
of the risked revelation:
how the heart eats its mandate to kill,
how the fox on the snowscape
tests the wile of the mallard.

Nina Schneider

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ie's pipe dream, he needed the clerk's adulation and envy: it was his chief solace and support.

The fourth character is the new night clerk, virtually an inanimate specter till Erie comes upon him and enlivens him with the narcotic tale of his adventures within the mythic excitements of the Big Stem. Think of it: Erie knew—accidentally and trivially, but still *knew*—the great racketeer, Arnold Rothstein!

Hughie is a melancholy play but Ben Gazzara plays it for comedy and plays it well. His interpretive choice or that of the director, Martin Fried, may not be wrong; yet I missed the undertone of basic dejection. Without it the play loses something of its hangdog lyricism, the muted wail of defeat in the towering metropolis.

In the second of the evening's offerings, *Duet* by David Scott Milton, Gazzara is a triumphant virtuoso as another night clerk in a similar hotel. I saw it Off-Broadway in a more extended version some years ago. The shortened play is perfect of its kind. Here the night clerk has become paranoid, keeping himself jumping by his terror of an imaginary "Bolshevik" spy. He fancies himself both victim and pursuer, the shifts from one to the other boiling to a farcical nightmare, hilariously convincing.

It was something like a stroke of genius to have combined *Duet* with *Hughie*. One appears to be the comic sequel to the other. Kert Lundell's setting (the same in both instances) is chillingly and mournfully right. Gazzara has made his return to the stage an encouraging occasion.

The Mound Builders is Lanford Wilson's most ambitious play (Circle Repertory Theatre on Sheridan Square). I followed it with keen and somewhat baffled interest—which is more than I can say about many a smoother "job."

It deals with a group of men and women digging at an archaeological site somewhere in southern Illinois for relics of the Amerindian civilization. Their work is arduous, the ground treacherous; the possibility of failure, through flooding by the nearby lake, is a constant threat. But the diggers are determined to unearth the priceless treasures buried in the land.

The place where they labor is owned by a man who hopes the publicity given the dig will increase its eventual cash value as real estate. When it becomes apparent that the archaeological venture will prove successful, the landowner's son—who has been befriended by the working team—realizes that the place will become a historical reservation instead of a source of wealth, wrecks the enterprise and drowns his pal, its most dedicated member.

The play is a parable in which the mercenary urge is shown to thwart the artist's dream, so that both parties are ruined in the conflict. But the play is not as bald as this summary may make it seem. There are unusual characters in the telling. This is especially true of the play's anti-hero, the landowner's son. The "intellectuals" (or artists) attract him. They fill him with awe; he envies them and because of this ambivalence he despoils their work. What is still more original in the development: the play's "idealists" (the archaeological group) are not depicted as beautiful souls but are shown to be, like so many of their kind, as confused, neurotic and messy as less honored folk.

The play's idea is provocative and unmistakably felt. What weakens it is that much of its detail is diffuse and ill-digested. The dialogue is heaped pell-mell with sundry reflections that do not establish their relevance to the whole. They strike one as scattered items from the writer's notebooks that have been forced upon the play's design. Still, I found myself strangely disturbed toward

A NOTE TO OUR READERS

from James J. Storrow Jr., Publisher

I am always proud when we at The NATION pinpoint a problem and much later, the rest of the media follow our lead.

A case in point is the remarkable article in our August 3, 1974 issue -- "The Hot River Valley". If you recall, it warned of the dangers of nuclear reactor plants in the Susquehanna Valley.

The papers now tell us that 23 nuclear plants have been closed because they were unsafe. NBC Television recently did a Special called "The Nuclear Threat and You". Editorial pages throughout the land are discussing the subject with new anxiety.

Our article, written by McKinley Olson, a former editor on The York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily, presented a probing description and analysis of the power struggle between atomic advocates and their opponents. Dr. John W. Gofman, a West Coast radiation expert, said it was "... just about the best ever written on the nuclear issue."

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the end by the density as well as the pull and tear of motivations and thoughts evoked and left unresolved. The play, I repeat, is one I genuinely respect even in my dissatisfaction with it.

The Mound Builders is well acted by the entire cast and well directed by Marshall Mason. He resorts to some tricky effects to keep our attention steady through the thicket of verbiage and exposition—and the various ploys work to a degree. For the same reason he has the actors bustling about too much and keeps the talk excessively casual to avoid the taint of sententiousness that marks many of the lines.

Especially memorable are John Strasberg as the landowner's son, torn and troubled by the morbid sensibility of a divided personality, and Tanya Berezin as the chief archaeologist's sister, a writer bruised by her inability to achieve balance in any firm psychological structure of being.

Though I have never *liked* Noel Coward's *Private Lives,* first produced in 1930, it must be good; it has gratified audiences ever since in countless productions. Now at the 46th Street Theatre it crackles once again to everyone's delight, chiefly I believe because of the nasal dryness of Maggie Smith's sparklingly contemptuous wit. She is a master technician; her pauses are pregnant with the coruscation of a bright mind powerful enough to knock us all down in a spasm of astonished laughter.

If one should complain that she "puts it on" too thickly, I would counter that such complaint is ill-founded: the play is not, never was meant to be, should not be *real.* If it were, it would prove a nasty affair. It is a kind of fraudulent game, the sort theatregoers associate with glamorous fun, the *bon ton* of a chic vulgarity. Hence its perpetual success—that, and its excellence as a vehicle for "social" comedians. □

ART / Lawrence Alloway

The retrospective exhibition of Max Ernst at the Guggenheim Museum (until April 20) is said to be his largest yet. Imagine the show visited by somebody who had never heard of Ernst—a Japanese soldier who didn't know World War II was over, a Scottish shepherd, or a Martian. What impression would this hypothetical innocent get? Ernst's main activity would appear to be that of painter, though one who adopted sculpture as well in the second half of his life. He also produced some collages and books which can be seen tucked into leftover spaces around the museum. And certainly he has been a steady worker for more than sixty years. The last impression is true; Ernst is a professional artist, conscientiously productive. What is missed from the exhibition however is a sense of what he really is, a grasp of what he does best, and the Japanese, the Scot, or the Martian would accordingly be misled. Ernst is essentially a collagist and draughtsman and his significance lies in those areas, not in his painting, which seems to be flawed in various ways in his different periods.

But Ernst as painter is the false view of him that the show, arranged by Diane Waldman, importunes us to take. His paintings did not really get going until the 1920s and they tend to be internally disjunct. That is to say, Ernst had trouble getting everything together: forms have hard rims, isolating them from one another, and the backgrounds tend to be jumpy, as in "The Elephant of the Celebes" (1921) and "Oedipus Rex" (1922). The problem of fusing the elements of a picture was tackled by Ernst in 1924 when he made a stab at manual felicity, as in "The Couple" and "Who Is The Tall Sick Person?" He achieved about as much unity of surface as, say, a minor Cubist like Albert Gleizes.

In the following year Ernst transferred a technical device from paper to canvas and *frottage* became *grattage.* Both techniques entail rubbing the surface to be drawn or painted upon after it has been placed on some textured surface or object. The result is an animated, printed surface, visually unified in effect, which is precisely what Ernst had not managed to get with a brush. Although he obtains the texture semi-automatically, Ernst also edits, as in "100,000 Doves," where he outlines several lumpish birds so that the visual texture is strained and disrupted by the interpolation of his heavy hand. These pictures are usually images of multiple creatures in polymorphous profusion. In 1927 he initiated a series of "Forests" in which a central mass of textured form is contrasted against a smooth sky above, and the forest itself contains additional hand-drawn vegetation. Ernst retained the landscape theme and *frottage* was followed by decalcomania, a method of pressing wet paint on the picture surface to produce evocative textures. It will be noted that Ernst was adept and imaginative with automatic processes, but there is some doubt as to his ability to establish a continuity between the hand-drawn and -painted parts and the induced or found passages.

What Ernst does beautifully is make collage; there are some examples in the exhibition, but played down for two reasons. The first is an architectural problem. To display small graphic works at the Guggenheim Museum it is necessary to build partitions across the bays, level with the front of the slanting step that runs from the floor back to the wall. If that is not done, the drawings will be set too far back for satisfactory viewing. However, if it is done for a chronological display, one that would in this case mix paintings and collages, the regular sequence of bays is disturbed. Since the director of the museum is addicted to the chronological hanging of all exhibitions, it was clearly decided to jettison the small stuff and concentrate on Ernst's clumsy and garish paintings.

The second reason for the wrong emphasis is that the paintings, no matter what they look like, are highly priced commodities in the art market and hence more prestigious to show en masse than the small, relatively unemphatic collages. (A collagist, inserting printed material into his art, is bound to a considerable extent by the size of his sources: post cards, department store catalogues, and illustrated magazines and books, in Ernst's case. There is no reason to suppose that work at this scale is automatically extendable into paintings.)

The exhibition has a good group of the small early photo-collages of 1920-21 in which Ernst shows what he could do well—select and conjoin disparate preexisting images. He had no special facility for starting images from scratch, but once he had specific found elements to work with, he could assemble them brilliantly. Unfortunately, the largest group of collages shown at the Guggenheim after those of the 1920s is his least interesting set of tidy, flat layouts of the early 1930s. His collage-novels—*La Femme 100 têtes* (1929), *Rêve d'une petite fille qui voulut entrer au carmel* (1930) and *Une Semaine de bonté* (1934)—his key works, are given perfunctory showing. In all three, 19th-century line engravings are cut up and recombined to form suggestive narratives. André Breton said of them that the objects depicted were " 'rendered' almost according to their dictionary figuration," and it is true. The space of the collages is pretty much the space employed by, say, Gustave Doré or other melodramatic Victorian graphic artists. Ernst's sexualization of genre scenes, his anti-authoritarian episodes and his sense of 19th-century objects in all their strangeness make his collages alert and engaging. Breton caught this flavor of

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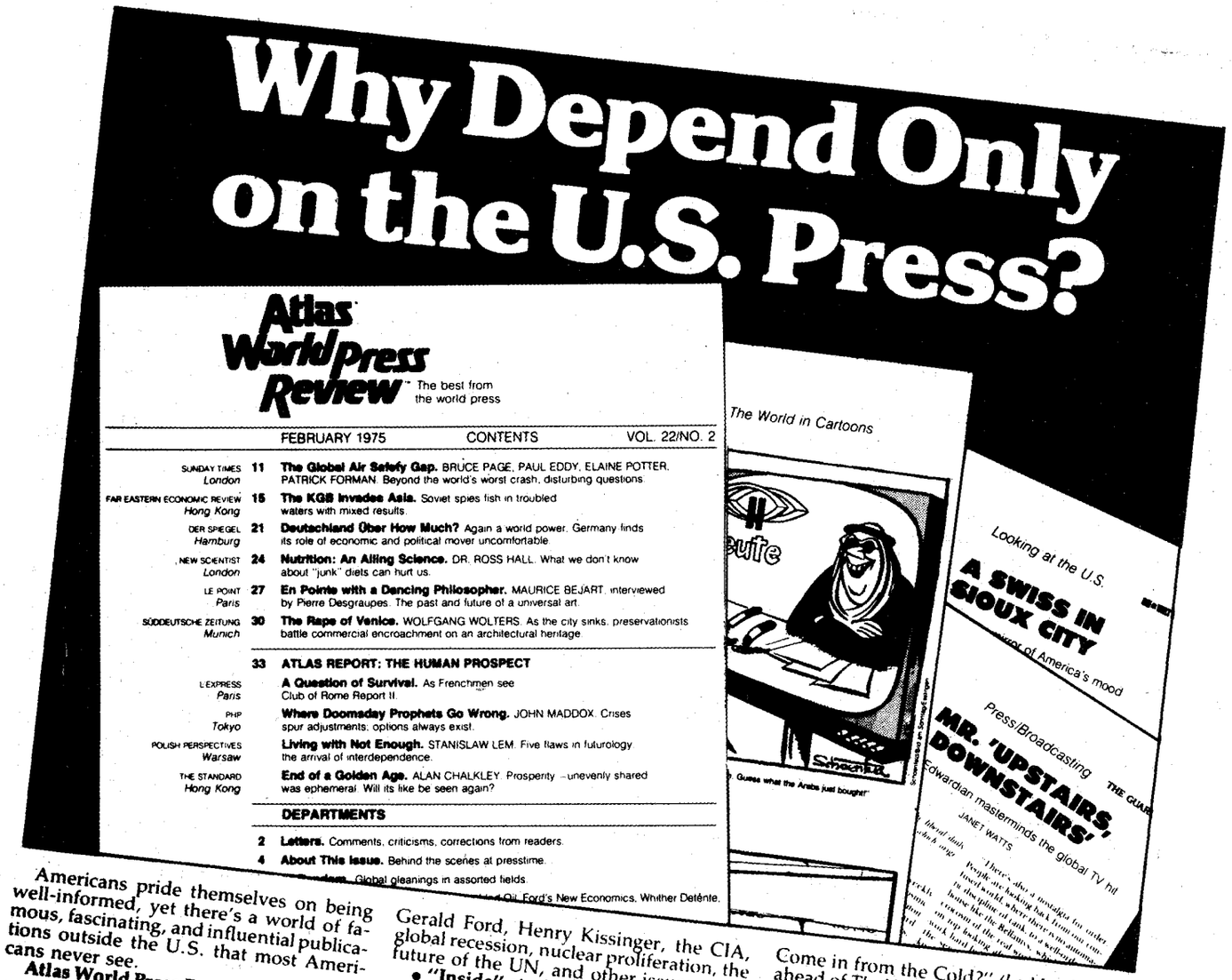

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FEBRUARY 1975 CONTENTS VOL. 22/NO. 2

SUNDAY TIMES *London* 11 **The Global Air Safety Gap.** BRUCE PAGE, PAUL EDDY, ELAINE POTTER, PATRICK FORMAN. Beyond the world's worst crash, disturbing questions.

FAR EASTERN ECONOMIC REVIEW *Hong Kong* 15 **The KGB Invades Asia.** Soviet spies fish in troubled waters with mixed results.

DER SPIEGEL *Hamburg* 21 **Deutschland Über How Much?** Again a world power, Germany finds its role of economic and political mover uncomfortable.

NEW SCIENTIST *London* 24 **Nutrition: An Ailing Science.** DR. ROSS HALL. What we don't know about "junk" diets can hurt us.

LE POINT *Paris* 27 **En Pointe with a Dancing Philosopher.** MAURICE BEJART, interviewed by Pierre Desgraupes. The past and future of a universal art.

SÜDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG *Munich* 30 **The Rape of Venice.** WOLFGANG WOLTERS. As the city sinks, preservationists battle commercial encroachment on an architectural heritage.

33 **ATLAS REPORT: THE HUMAN PROSPECT**

L'EXPRESS *Paris* **A Question of Survival.** As Frenchmen see Club of Rome Report II.

PHP *Tokyo* **Where Doomsday Prophets Go Wrong.** JOHN MADDOX. Crises spur adjustments; options always exist.

POLISH PERSPECTIVES *Warsaw* **Living with Not Enough.** STANISLAW LEM. Five flaws in futurology the arrival of interdependence.

THE STANDARD *Hong Kong* **End of a Golden Age.** ALAN CHALKLEY. Prosperity – unevenly shared was ephemeral. Will its like be seen again?

DEPARTMENTS

2 **Letters.** Comments, criticisms, corrections from readers.

4 **About This Issue.** Behind the scenes at presstime.

[illegible]. Global gleanings in assorted fields.

[illegible] Oil, Ford's New Economics, Whither Detente.

The World in Cartoons

Looking at the U.S.

A SWISS IN SIOUX CITY

[illegible] of America's mood

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high farce accurately when he cited "the disappearing bed in *Occupe-toi d'Amélie*" in connection with the novels. However, it was precisely this gift for hectic narrative that Ernst was not able to transfer from linear collages into paintings, except in the form of ponderous intimations and crude symbolism. His late Romantic, early Freudian iconography is now flatulent.

Something of the same conflict between his talent for art at the size of the page and the market demand for larger colored paintings also vitiated Ernst's use of *frottage*. On paper, the rubbed surfaces emerge as subtle granular hazes and burrs, far more delicate than the sticky deposits on his canvases, and for once Ernst, as he solicited more specific images from the paper rubbings, does so tactfully. The *Histoire Naturelle* series, begun in 1925, is a portrait gallery of post-Redonesque flora. On the scale of painting, however, his judgment deserts him: a typical example is "Two Sisters" (1926), in which the *frottage* traces are built up into a gross image of two de Chirico-esque mannequins. This forced conjunction of the found and the made does not constitute a Surrealist *frisson* but a visual ineptness; the contrast is not audacious but fatuous. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The axiom that less is more has not held up for Twyla Tharp's shortened *Deuce Coupe*, which ushered in the Joffrey Ballet's spring season on February 26. *Deuce Coupe II* is about half as long as its predecessor and about half as good. The half that is left, in revised form, is still enormously witty and inventive and still delightfully two-sided in its attitudes. It both mocks and makes love to teenage social dancing, The Beach Boys (a rock-and-roll, as opposed to rock, group), and the ethos of the early 1960s, which in Tharp's terms stands for America's adolescence. The mannerisms of social dancing—the slouch and lazy shoulders, the hand motions at once so particular and throwaway, the sloshy speed of the feet, the close relationship between frenzied gyrations and temper tantrums—these have always been perceivable but not so easily defined out of context. Tharp defines them without undue distortion and in so doing translates manner and mannerism into style. The translation is a single-handed achievement, but what interests me even more is the style itself, its continual resolutions of disjointed and flowing movement, of balance and imbalance, of energy and indolence. I don't think any dancer in the piece ever finds the center weight of his body, but no one ever falls down or disintegrates.

Given the richness of Tharp's choreography, I'd rather see forty minutes of it than twenty, but that is not the only disappointment in *Deuce Coupe II*. To make up for the lost time, Tharp has resorted to montage. Instead of a decent sized helping of complete songs, we get a tape compiled of bits and pieces that are more comprehensive historically (it begins with references to The Kingston Trio, a forerunner of the 1960s) but more dilute. It's not a question of whether The Beach Boys warrant more or less exposure but whether the compression and selection required by montage intensifies or freezes, distills or truncates. The new *Deuce Coupe* is not frozen, but it is truncated. What are humorous and invigorating starts and stops in the dance phrases become abandoned or, at best, abbreviated ideas when the phrase equals the dance. The audience immediately recognizes the source of these snippets from its own observation of life around them (or its experience with other of Tharp's ballets) and catches on to the irony and accuracy with which Tharp captures the essence of social dancing, but Tharp banks on the audience's sympathy and recognition too comfortably for comfort. Instead of capturing the essence of the first version, this new version seems a replay of past hits.

The fragmentation and superficiality of the montage approach does strengthen one of the themes of *Deuce Coupe*. In the midst of the group's perpetual motion and quasi-commotion, a ballet dancer steadfastly does her "positions." The social dancers occasionally echo her *pas* and the ballet dancer occasionally shimmies, but although the styles are cross-fertile they are not exchangeable. In the first *Deuce Coupe* the social dances were just as scatter-footed as they are now but were dignified by extended time, deeper exploration and greater virtuosity. Too, the brunt of these dances was taken by Tharp's own company, who can deliver them with greater dash and conviction than can the Joffrey dancers. The lone ballet dancer seemed at times pompous and an intrusion into the real business at hand. She was an outcast. The conclusion, however, indicated that the ballet dancer, with her calm and control, was to be understood as a point of aspiration.

Tharp clears up this confusion in *Deuce Coupe II* by making the ballet segments intrinsic to the work as a whole. There is more ballet and she gives these parts to a few dancers instead of just to Erika Goodman. By dissociating the style from the person, Tharp makes a stronger case for ballet as the symbol for a way of life. Moreover, the new ending is no less than a tribute to the archetypal ballet finale. With the ensemble divided into groups of moving mass, each contingent moving on the diagonal against each of the others, it is straight out of Balanchine and his genius for what has been dubbed "organized chaos." Yet the tone Tharp establishes is more lambent than joyous, more adagio than allegro. Bodies soar and glide in space; they don't explode and conquer. Drawing as it does on both the classical and romantic heritages, the finale could be Tharp's last salute to ballet. Throughout the piece the dancers have been changing from sporty orange dresses and red pants to white pedal pushers and shirts. By the finale everyone is in white uniform, except the "star" (Miss Goodman again), who still wears her off-white short skirt. *Deuce Coupe* concludes in thought and deed as a true *ballet blanc* with ensemble and soloist. At the very end, Goodman repeats her slow ballet exercises under a bright spotlight, while the ensemble, in the shadows, freezes in a tableau to mark the timeless and unchangeable process of the *développé*.

In reworking *Deuce Coupe* for only the Joffrey dancers, Tharp has uncrossed the signals of her message. Yet the triumph of what ballet stands for (technique, discipline, maturity) is somewhat hollow because these values win by default. A smattering of ballet dancing goes deeper than a smattering of Tharp's social dancing. In *Deuce Coupe I* the departure from youth was a little sad and a little glad. *Deuce Coupe II* offers no argument between youth and maturity, only a whiff of nostalgia for what has been. □

HARVESTING

The bruises, the crossed rivalries
of colors, won't elude us.
Even now, harvesting, we
share fully in this, the secret
that blooms and fades.

Instantaneous, the reds almost bluish
with frost, the turning form
of wounds refined past thought
are thorns. More than tinges fading,
we bear the imprint of hue

in the full heart. A clear oval
center recedes with its
truth, reddens the leaves.

Charles Elster

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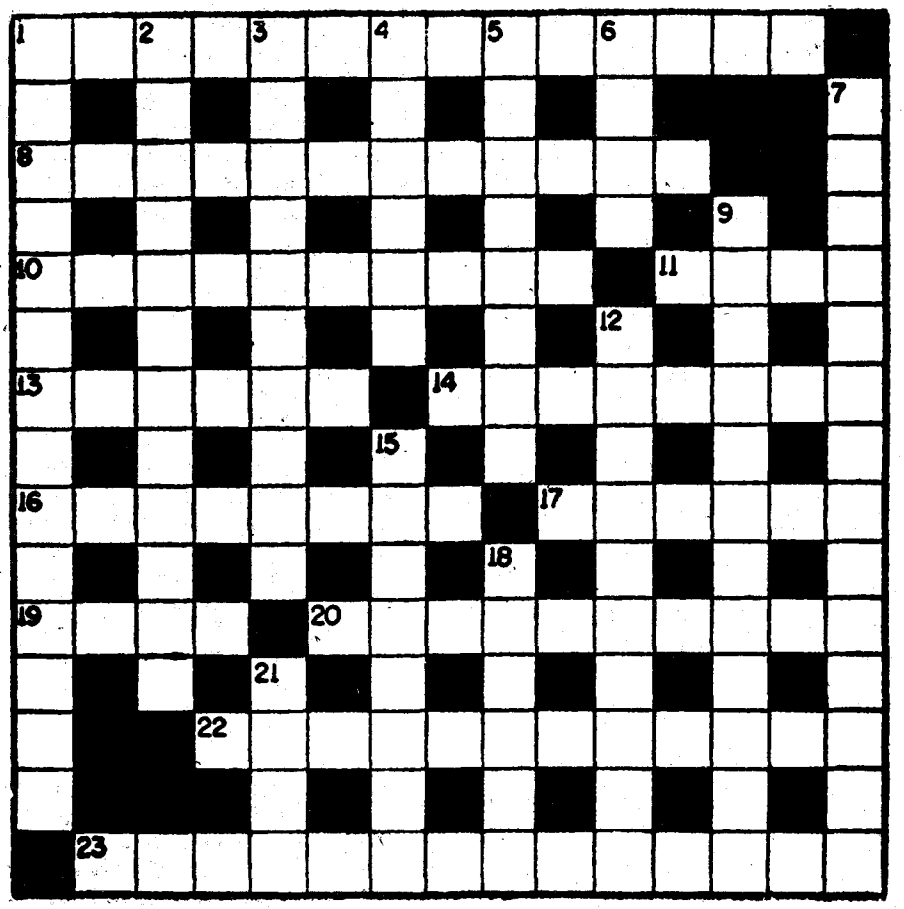
Crossword Puzzle No. 1576

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 How things change! (Where almost every American lives, not on what the Romans made light of.) (2,1,5,2,4)
8 For permanent inscription? (9,3)
10 They're not associated with ordinary force. (10)
11 It's extremely silly to get the last letter, whatever it may be. (4)
13 It's not safe to allow Henry on the stage. (6)
14 One might know one of his stories ends near a complication. (8)
16 Compound an unknown article with yours, at one time. (8)
17 Possibly a colorful material for drawers. (6)
19 In the Tuileries, you might have a good case for sewers. (4)
20 Changes the nature of the sun's matter. (10)
22 Where the Near Easterner might have stopped making this, can arrive as a different version. (12)
23 "Under Two Flags" having this? (Women's Lib doesn't like it.) (6,8)

DOWN

1 The cost of monograms is the first thing you'll have to pay! (7,7)
2 A fern, in the language of summer? (6-6)
3 Possibly two dots for each "i", using this for your letters. (10)
4 It might contain an early impression of Rome. (6)
5 Baseball players sometimes argue this way, but it may be going too far if one does. (8)
6 Subtle penalty of the law? (4)
7 What one has as a preoccupied hunter? Something does, there's no forgetting! (4,2,4,4)
9 A lot of people seem to be excited by it. (4,8)
12 Proving a detective should be half naval hero and half craftsman. (5,5)
15 Become greater, like Mather? (8)
18 Shakespeare's first stage representation? (6)
21 What's the point of a horse? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1575

ACROSS: 1 Cause for alarm; 9 and 10 On the other hand; 11 On stage; 12 Evil eye; 13 Inure; 14 Alignment; 16 Effecting; 18 Surer; 19 Engorge; 21 Grampus; 22 Ruminates; 23 Pluto; 24 April Fool's Day. DOWN: 1 Crocodile tears; 2 Up to snuff; 3 Elevate; 4 Ozone; 5 Achieving; 6 Arraign; 7 Meade; 8 Adventure story; 14 Alimental; 15 Ezra Pound; 17 Coroner; 18 Scalpel; 20 Gamma; 21 Gesso.

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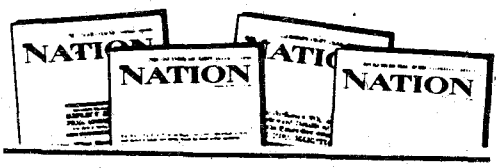

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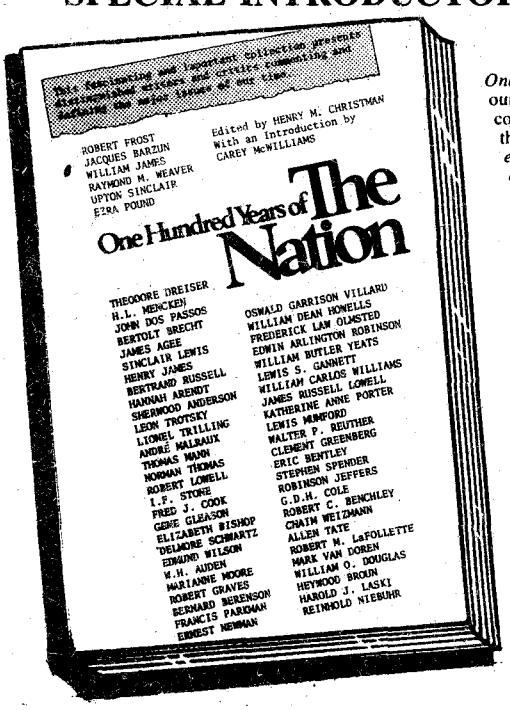

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